

# THE BEAVER

In this week's edition of The Beaver

Is Soros a  
 threat?  
 Economics



Genetic  
 Issues  
 Politics



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The LSESU Newspaper



## EXAM PLAN FAILS TO MAKE THE GRADE

A decision by the Academic Board not to allow LSE undergraduates to resit exams has been branded "totally unacceptable" by SU General Secretary Narius Aga.

Tom Livingstone

**T**HE REJECTION OF PROPOSALS which would allow LSE undergraduates to resit failed exams has been severely criticised by senior LSE Student Union members.

"This is a typical LSE inconsistency," complained General Secretary Narius Aga in a statement to the *Beaver*. "Students deserve better," he added. Aga then went on to express his disbelief that last year's sabbatical team had accepted that resits would not be introduced, a stance he perceived as "inexplicable."

The Academic Board was in fact only rubber-stamping the decision of the Academic Studies Committee, which, after "wide consultation" had decided not to recommend the introduction of resits. Aga and other Sabbaticals expressed their disappointment and concern that the students who sit on the Academic Studies Committee had not made a case for change to the current 'one chance' system.

Most other British Universities offer their students the chance to retake exams, and some have seen the Academic Board's decision as being motivated by financial or administrative reasons. However, David Ashton, Assistant Registrar in the Undergraduate Office as well as

Secretary to the Academic Studies Committee, denied that cost was the main consideration. "Students would probably have to pay for resisting exams, so the decision was not a financial one," he explained.

It seems likely that fear of damage to the LSE's reputation was a more pressing concern for the decision-makers. "The school sees itself in a position where introducing resits might damage its reputation," admitted Ashton. However, *the Beaver* discovered that several Oxford colleges have resits, while their reputations have failed to tarnish. "It is a consideration too that academics have less time to do research if they have to mark more papers," he added.

Education and Welfare Sabbatical Yuan Potts conceded that blame for failure often lay with individual students who do not make the effort, but stressed that this was not always the case. Potts in particular highlighted the problems for overseas students, paying thousands of pounds and not being allowed a second chance - "they are not getting the service they deserve," he claimed.

Responding to this charge, David Ashton countered that practical difficulties would arise for overseas students resitting exams "many of



Exam tensions will not be eased by the decision to scrap the resits plan

Photo: Library

our students live abroad, and it would be difficult for them to return for, say, September resits." The only department that currently allows resits is Law, due to the fact that the law qualification requires each exam

to be passed - which is not the case with all LSE degrees. Aga and Potts remain committed to a re-take system, with the General Secretary asserting his intention to "press wholeheartedly" for its

implementation during his remaining tenure in office. However, LSE bureaucracy being what it is, the issue is likely to remain unresolved for another academic year at least.

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## MACHIAVELLI

Diplomacy is the art of letting someone have your way. Journalism is diplomacy, and 'tis I, the dark prince back for another year. No job lined up next year? No ability to exist outside a rigorous life of lager and late mornings? No beginning to your talents and no end to your friends? Want £13,000 to put on your CV? LSE SU needs you.

Machiavelli will once again be slashing his pen through the pomp and dubious circumstance. We will stagger the over a couple of week and start, my merry lions, with a brief glance at the campaign folding. We might also take a stab at suspects for the big prize of general secretary. Remember: satire is a dish best served in cold blood, so let the stirring begin.

In Politics, one must be both lion and fox. Foxes come out early, and the rumour mill is grinding out blindfolds at an unusually nifty pace. The central dynamic is the 'will-they/wont they' love affair of two of the SUs most treasured dinosaurs. Those doing Bsc. UGM (major in political hacking, minor in palaeontology) treasure the names of Mahal and Lam as if they were their own. Mahal has stood for everything, normally more than thrice. Lam is equally 'elicitegious', and has undoubtedly been planning his campaign since freshers week '95. But, in a shocking move, someone may be about to make him an offer he can't refuse. Yet for every person who wants to know whether neither, either, or both will don their 'vote me quick' caps there is another willing to take a blind stab. Truth is, no one knows. Add to this the intriguing prospect of Anita Mhumblehandbag spitting the Labour vote, and we have an enticing campaign.

Of the party animals, the early news is as follows. LSE Labour has finally leapt into the late 80s by giving the nod to 'new' Steve Little and 'neu' Mathias Rommel for Gen Sec and Treasurer. Both will be there or there about. The Tories unleash a lethal double whammy of beauty and the beast, countering with Gorgeous Georgina Reason and Mark Turner. Neither main party is putting up candidates for the other posts, meaning we may have to wait for the delicious prospect of 'Wignal for Ed&Welfare'. However, this is an improvement on the liberal democrats: having both been offered gainful employment next year, neither seem willing to chance their middle ground. Redistribute a dash of Stuart Locke, add a few dark horses, and we are living in interesting times.

Machiavelli thought he might end the first lesson with a quick illustration of the insanity. Early last week, rumour reached these ears that Dev Cropper was considering a run for Welfare. Upon investigation, it turned out that Dev was first 'seriously', then 'definitely' considering his position. After a change of heart, he proceeded to drop out before re-entering with a bang last Thursday. Dev - genuine Dev - became a dead cert to continue the LSE's long tradition of startlingly disheveled Ed and Welfare Officers. The problem: only on Friday did Dev return from a two week stint of drinking old distributionists best bitter in the West Indies. Maybe ol' Che has a talent for duplicity to rival these foxy words, but he seemed pretty surprised to hear of his holiday exploits. Dev, just because you are paranoid, doesn't mean they are not trying to get you. And remember: the next week is a long time politics. 'Til then.

# NO BLESSING FOR ST CATHERINE'S HOUSE

Tom Livingstone

THE LSE HAS DROPPED PLANS to buy St.Catherine's House, former home of the Office for National Statistics, due to the high cost of the enterprise.

Purchasing the imposing edifice, situated on the corner where Kingsway meets the Aldwych, would have set the school back £28 million, with refurbishing costs pushing the total figure up to £42 million. The LSE has already reached its borrowing limit, the coffers having been badly dented by recent projects such as the acquisition of the Bankside Hall of Residence, and the purchases of Clement House and the Peacock Theatre.

It was hoped that St. Catherine's House would provide a public front for the LSE, and was seen by some as an ideal complement to the plans to modernise the school campus. The building, with its wide corridors and numerous lifts, would make it ideal for academic use - especially for students used to the cramped conditions that currently prevail. An LSE research project in fact already occupies the 3rd floor of the half-empty building.

Speaking on behalf of the Students' Union, Education and Welfare Sabbatical Yuan Potts claimed



Crowds could be here to stay without St. Catherine's House

Photo:Michael Kugler

general support in principle for taking over St. Catherine's House, but felt the high cost made the enterprise totally unfeasible. Given the cost, this purchase should not, he added, become a priority in the near future. Potts pointed out that an extra 500-1000 students would need to be enrolled to finance the project - an

outcome that would undermine the aim to obtain more space for teaching.

Further attempts to buy the building in the near future seem unlikely, but, with space at the LSE at such a premium, future acquisitions could well be inevitable - whatever the cost.

## NUS plastic not fantastic

THE NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS has struck up a cosy deal with Barclaycard, Britain's leading provider of credit cards for the student market.

A contract signed by the two parties means that the NUS will receive a cash donation from Barclaycard for each new Student Barclaycard account opened. Douglas Trainer, President of the NUS, justified the move stating that the "Student Barclaycard is the only credit card which we endorse. It provides financial flexibility, a range of impressive services but also a responsible fixed credit limit of £350."

However, many have expressed concern that the NUS are simply being bought out by Barclaycard, and that they are no longer promoting in the best interest of the student body which they represent. While Barclaycard estimate that the deal will provide the NUS with £220 000, a spokeswoman for the NUS told *The Beaver* that a decision has not been reached as to how to spend the money. Although they state that student unions will receive £4 for each application made as a result of promotional activities within the union, in what way this will directly benefit the students encouraged to run up debts with high interest is debatable.

The main cause for concern is

### Beaver News Comment

whether the NUS is really promoting the card because it represents a good deal for students or purely because of the financial gains implied for them. Speaking to *the Beaver*, a spokeswoman for the NUS expressed that the Barclaycard policy of setting the credit limit at £350 for student customers prevented students from running up massive debts. However, this argument is weakened by the fact that an individual is usually entitled to set their own credit limit, even at £300 or £400, actually restricting the flexibility of Barclaycard somewhat.

In addition, Barclaycard interest rates are amongst the highest amongst credit cards, at around 23% APR, which *the Beaver* found to be substantially higher than a good many other cards on the market, with the APR on some cards going as low as 8.6%. Interest charges are where credit cards make their money, and are also what make them a potentially dangerous form of spending for students, with no secured income with which to pay off mounting debts.

The fact that the Barclaycard is fee free also fails to separate it from many other similarly fee free

deals.

While Douglas Trainer claims that the Barclaycard is "the only credit card designed exclusively for them", by teaming up with them the NUS are helping them to monopolise the market. Even if it did represent the best deal for students, it is a worrying idea that the NUS, the very union body designed to act in the best interests of students is encouraging students to go into additional debt, and blindly sign up for the one credit card which happens to be paying them to disperse their literature.

This debacle adds further fuel to the debate over the true motives of the NUS, coming soon after a similar deal struck between them and insurance brokers Endsleigh. BBC's *Watchdog* exposed Endsleigh as uncompetitive in many policy areas and less value for money than comparable organisations.

When the NUS's dubious endorsement schemes are placed alongside their lacklustre and tardy opposition to tuition fees, a fairly unhappy picture emerges. Claims that the NUS is in the pocket of business as well as the Labour party are increasingly vocal and credible.

ANDREW YULE

## Potts of Yuan

Matt Brough

Education and Welfare sabbatical Yuan Potts has been keeping a high profile recently, not only appearing on LBC radio as part of Drugs awareness week but also speaking at the recent Westminster Day in an attempt to convince young people to take an active part in politics.

Potts was interviewed by LBC 1152's Dr. Michael Van Straten as part of the promotions surrounding the recent "sensible use" approach of Drugs Awareness Week. In a ten minute section of the show Yuan commented on the mistakes of past campaigns and the effective nature of the more educational approach. Also in an unprecedented statement, though encouraged by Dr Van Straten, Potts also announced he was against tobacco advertising in motorsports.

The illustrious sabbatical also took a major role in last week's Westminster open day when he spoke in front of a group of 16-18 year olds about politics and the importance of taking an active role. Along with such illustrious speakers as Ken Livingstone and Paddy Ashdown, talked about important political issues such as tuition fees and the increasing problem of political apathy.

## IT's not enough

Zak Shaikh

The results of an internal survey regarding LSE IT facilities, conducted by the LSE Students' Union, have shown encouraging results but demonstrate that students still require an improvement in overall services. It is the largest survey compiled by the SU to date, with over 60% response to the survey.

It showed that 72% were happy with the speed of the machines and the quality of the software. However, only 10% appeared anywhere near satisfied with the waiting times. (One question when and where these 10% use the facilities). With regards to the halls of residence, those at Holborn and Bankside were "not impressed with the IT provision." Those at Carr-Saunders and Rosebery were presumably even less impressed by the level of computerisation.

The e-mail ban in C120 aroused mixed feelings, with some thinking it "an excellent idea," but there were those who were "...totally opposed to the ban." The question remains whether the ban has much effect when it is still possible to access e-mail via Netscape!

Overall, 71% of those surveyed said they would support an SU campaign for better IT facilities; Yuan Potts, the Education and Welfare Sabbatical told *the Beaver* "Due to Union pressure the school has agreed on bringing in 100 new computers." Narius Aga, the General Secretary of the Students' Union, added "...there is a long way to go, but things have improved a great deal over the last year." Indeed the facilities may have improved, but the ratio is 10 students to 1 computer - a long way off from the Dearing report's recommendation of 5 to 1.



# Russell Group Rounds up Students

Sithana Sernando

A BEAVER INVESTIGATION has revealed that an increasing split is evident within British higher education.

In December the Universities and Colleges Admissions Service announced a 6% decline in applications for places in the coming academic year. By the 15th of December 1997 UCAS had received applications from 326220 candidates. This compares with 347037 received by the same date last year, a fall of 20817. However the same report notes that around 26000 students were admitted to universities and colleges in 1997 over and above the national target, and that therefore there would be "an inbuilt reduction in the application cohort for entry in 1998".

This is consistent with the University of Nottingham's situation.

Applications for places at Nottingham are down by 7% compared to this time last year. Which, a spokesperson at the university explained, was expected since there had been a tightening of entrance requirements for some of its courses. However at the University of Oxford, according to an official in the Admissions office, the 2% decline in applications was not expected and was not due to any tightening of entrance requirements. Thus the inbuilt explanation of the 6% decline in the UCAS report seems to be rather inadequate.

As one would expect, the National Student's Union puts the blame for the decline in applications squarely on the government's plans to introduce fees in the coming year. NUS members continue to lobby the government in the belief that the decline is due to the introduction of fees.

A recent article in the *London*

*Student* compounded the issue. It claims that despite the 6% decline, universities in London are relatively unaffected. Moreover, *The Beaver's* own inquiries indicate that large, well-established universities across the country are only barely affected by the national decline of 6%. University College London has lost a mere 2% of their applicants. The Universities of Oxford and Bristol have also lost just 2% of their applicants. The Director of Admissions at the University of Birmingham, Dr. John Ash, stated that Birmingham was virtually unaffected, with only a very small difference between this year's and last year's applications. A spokesperson at the University of Essex reported a 4.6% increase in the number of applicants and the London School of Economics has also reported a slight increase.

Hence, if the situation in the more established universities is such, logic

suggests that the less well known universities must have suffered a decline in applications far in excess of the national average of 6%. Thus, the 10% decline reported by Salford University, and the "significant decrease" reported by the University of Plymouth should not come as a surprise.

In this light one cannot help feeling that fees might prove to be harmful to the interests of the younger, and therefore not so-well-established institutions of higher education. This, if it really happens, would be a tragedy for the British higher education system as a whole, for that would mean the loss of the diversity and vitality that the young bring to the old. However these are yet early days, and this should serve as a warning to Britain's policy-makers to closely monitor the impact, and to continuously reassess the merits, of their policies.



## UNION JACK

(This week, as part of the Welfare to Work programme, Jack has taken on an assistant. So any unfunny parts of this column are entirely his talentless fault.)

Women's Week was being publicised by five talentless slappers trying to attract male attention. They were also dressed up as the Spice Girls. The whole thing seems to be an excuse for Anita (Squeaky Spice) and Katherine Piglet (Waste of Spice) to get hold of free condoms. Ah, Jack knew it was a woman's responsibility. Jack wondered if these were an appropriate symbol - why not use the Prodigy (Send into Outer Spice), with their charming exhortations to Smack My Bitch Up? Kate Burden (fancies Paul Ashwood Spice) moved into action with a water pistol, soaking selected innocent members of the audience. Before long, Kate was getting pretty wet herself - but then it's not often she gets that many men staring at her.

Little Steve was displaying an obvious sexual response to proceedings. You could hang your hat on the way he reacts when he gets on stage. Perhaps the perfect Gen. Sec. - able to get off on just the experience, without any need for Fornigate scandals or Gonzo Doralt style visual aids. However, Jack's money is on Gorgeous George, for whom you should all vote. Since the UGM is already without rhyme, can it afford to be without Reason?

So anarchic were proceedings this week that Wignall almost went unnoticed. However, the reason for his use of a baseball cap is now painfully clear. The barnet is truly foul: what Vera Duckworth would look like if she joined the Gestapo. As usual, this week's instalment of Wignall and I was based on clear, uncontroversial issues. Jack suggests that in fact Wignall is fulfilling a valuable unifying function. Anyone who can simultaneously piss off the Jews, the Turks, the Greeks, the Iraqis and Stupot Locke deserves some sort of special award - some kind of multi-factional fatwah, probably.

Talking of fat, Nariuszz seems to be following the Eunick Kirby school of fashion - Slob chic. Dressed to depress again this week, Nariuszz sported a lovely fluffy Shaun the Sheep jumper. As Kirby comes under fire from his Labour minions, was this a display of solidarity from the Gen. Sec.? Jack has been concerned, but cheerful to note that Kirby has been very quiet of recent weeks, reverting to a sort of Burndildo Duggan role of eminence grease.

'Hello meester, I have a beautiful seester, would you like to see some pictures? Very artistic, very nice?' Jack luxuriated in the return to form of Gonzo Doralt (Incomprehensible Spice). With UN inspectors demanding to see inside his brain, Gonzo has made the transition from manic through unintelligible to frankly bizarre. His rant was supposed to be about Darwin, and his 'speech' certainly cemented his claim to be the missing link. His downfall was his reliance on mechanical aids. Jack suggests the Viennese Workers' Revolutionary Party reclaim their envoy A.S.A.P. Gonzo asked why no-one would have sex with him. Why not set him up on a date with the Sue Pollard wannabe from Goldsmith's?

Andy Houghton (Scary Pies) is now a combination of Elvis and Russell Grant (ah, Mixed Spice). His Barry White efforts as the UGM closes each week makes it strange that he's never had a Valentine. How sad. Never mind Andy, Jack loves you.

Tasha Kosviner

# Grave Response to Coffin Protest

Chris Roe

A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST TUITION FEES organised by the LSE's Student's Union as part of a national campaign of publicity stunts on Friday 13 February failed to attract much attention.

The stunt, which was modelled on similar demonstrations at other colleges, involved the carrying of a coffin representing the death of free education around the campus. Few people seemed aware of what was taking place, and displayed a benign indifference to the bizarre spectacle despite the best efforts of the organisers.

Several of those involved blamed poor organisation for the conspicuous failure of the event to arouse any response. The extravaganza was only announced at the UGM on the day preceding the demonstration. Posters were also few and far between, and of



The death knell for protest?

Photo: Chris Roe

a somewhat confusing design. Most of those who actually read the posters were under the impression that

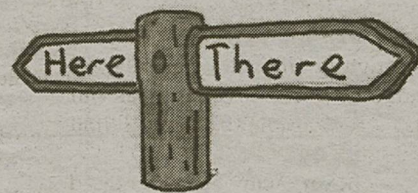
someone had died and was being taken for a posthumous tour of Houghton Street.

Potts was unable to attend the procession as his borrowed transport was stuck in traffic near New Cross. On his return he told *the Beaver* that he felt a combination of unfortunate circumstances had taken any impact out of the gesture. Aga had also been prevented from putting much input into the action as he had been attending a lobby of Parliament in the morning, that was also unsuccessful. He added that "apathy" at the LSE was largely to blame.

One of the more vocal critics of the debacle was Stuart Lock, guiding light of the SWSS contingent at the LSE. He described the event as a "disgrace" and compared it unfavourably to the mass sit-ins and marches conducted elsewhere around the country. More impartial cynics were of the opinion that the coffin represented the death of student radicalism rather than the death of free education

I HOPE YOU ALL HAD A SPECTACULARLY ROMANTIC VALENTINE'S DAY complete with big bunches of daisies and slap up meals at Wright's Bar. I thought that LSE was extraordinarily remiss in making no provisions for lovelorn youngsters to celebrate their union in style. The same accusation could not be levelled at Oxford who organized a coach to take their happy couples to Paris for the week end for the bargain price of £30. Perks of the trip were advertised as Luxury Coach Travel (reportedly an old school bus with a 'Drivers Dead Slow Children Crossing' - read how you will - sign on the side), free alcohol en route and a trip to a French *Hypermarche*. Now, correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't people at Oxford supposed to be clever? I mean, isn't that the defining feature of people at Oxford? How then, could they justify trying to sell tickets to couples giving them the opportunity to get pissed on a mini bus on the way to French supermarket in the name of enjoying Valentine's Day? I mean, I know romance is supposed to be dead, but is *fun* dead as well?

## News from Nowhere



Apparently so, as UCL have proved last week with the suggestion that they are going to ban smoking in all union buildings. In a somewhat hazy proposal, the Union Council have given special preference to the union in deciding "exactly what proportion of the 355211.1 square feet of the buildings should be given over to smokers to allow them to relax in a smoking environment." The area apparently includes all the union bars. I suggest that their time would be better spent getting off their anally retentive high horses and sparking up.

Which is exactly what got a group of students in Linstead Hall at Imperial College into all manner of trouble last week when their excessive smoking activated the fire

alarms. Wardens hurried to the room to find, and I quote, "minute traces of what was claimed to cannabis in a 'mix' with tobacco which had been swept onto the floor". Following the examination of these 'minute traces' and the highly unorthodox searching of students by over-zealous security guards, the matter has been handed over to college authorities who have previously fined students £75 each for smoking cannabis. Apparently one of the students didn't overly ingratiate himself to his warden by asking him if he 'fancied a toke', in his best 'I'm really very caned' voice.

I suspect that this can be the only explanation for the bizarre behaviour of a number of Edinburgh students this week who, upon finding themselves strapped for cash applied

to be dressed up as gnomes and parade around the city spreading a little Christmas cheer and 'generally being jolly'. The successful applicants had to be vertically challenged, and presumably of sub-normal intelligence, a hypothesis that is confirmed by the fact that after they had finished their shift in the city they were seen wandering aimlessly around the city's park talking to the birds and the trees. Those involved could not confirm or deny the possibility of a home to call their gnome at the North Pole. Ho. Ho. Ho.



# OVERSEAS STUDENTS' FORUM

## Asian Economic Crisis

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## Student Economic Crisis?

### Thursday 19 Feb 1998

### A85

What can we do? Who can help? Lobbying the School's Student Support Fund and finding emergency funds

Fight to help Asian students against perhaps the most serious hardship in the region

## Attention all women (and men)



Yep it's that time of the year again, no not elections or exams, but Women's Week! Oh no not another bloody awareness week, I hear you cry, but actually this one is different. Some people don't even see the point of having a women's week, haven't women already got everything they want? But that's why Women's week is important not only to show the progress that has occurred over the past hundred years, as LSE was one of the first universities to allow women the freedom to study, but to show what still needs to be done, which is no minor matter. Both myself and the Women's Group Committee have spent time trying to organise events that will appeal to everyone at LSE, women and men, young and old, undergrad and postgrad big events are the cross party political debate on Tuesday, with Virginia Bottomley MP, Jackie Ballard MP and Margaret

Hodge MP, all participating in a debate on the "Role of Women in politics today". The debate is particularly appropriate at LSE as all the MPs studied here, and the audience is free to ask questions. The other high profile event is the media debate on Wednesday, where the editors from "Cosmopolitan", "Loaded" and "For Women" will participate on a debate about the "Role of Women in the Media". Apart from that there is the religious debate with participants from the Jewish, Islamic, Hindu and Christian faiths discussing the "Role of Women in Religion". Also there are numerous workshops everyday as outlined in the timetable. In the evenings, we kick off with a Cinema Night on Tuesday, with either "Boys on the Side" or "Thelma and Louise" or "The Piano" showing depending on audience demand. On Thursday, it is time to have a girlie night in with an Ann Summers party in the Underground, with restricted entry. Finally we end the week with a bang with the Funky Divas, singing all your favourite songs and Women DJs in the underground. Further surprise events are planned. Women's Week is for everyone, so boys there is no reason to feel left out. Have fun everyone and remember, "Just Do It".

## General Secretary's Column

The Students' Union's concern over students' plight as a result of the economic crisis in South East Asia cannot be overemphasised and this point has been raised in numerous committee meetings as well as with the Director himself. Students who incur financial hardship due to a change in circumstances beyond their control are given due consideration by the Scholarships Office and adequate provision has now been made to deal with the increase in applications from students from that region. Steps in the long term for future students are under consideration as well.

While on the subject of hardship, the Students' Union has always made an effort to alleviate the situation as far as possible, be it with the provision of cheaper goods and services at student-friendly rates by renting out space in the Quad or introduction of new ones like the discount telephone calling card machine. With student poverty being at record levels, our concerted efforts in responding to it have been intensified and the Treasurer's latest initiative in lowering photocopy prices in the SU Photocopy Shop to 3p a copy is a further step in this direction.

Criticism has been levelled by certain students about the nature of a certain motion proposed in the UGM last week, protesting against its alleged anti-Semitic nature and arguing that it should never have been allowed in the first place. I would once again like to unequivocally reiterate however that the LSE in general and the Students' Union in particular has always enjoyed a tradition of free speech - one which we intend to uphold vehemently. Discourse and debate is the very essence of a University education and stifling it will defeat the very purpose of broadening horizons.

While on this subject, it would not be inappropriate to express one's concern at the ease with which allegations are labelled at individuals without a second thought about the consequences. Labelling someone racist, sexist or homophobic is serious indeed and more often than not leads the person to cope with a "guilty until proven innocent" situation. Add to that the fact that certain individuals find such a label more difficult to shrug off than others due to their social background or political affiliations and views and the complexity of the problem is compounded. A certain amount of caution and concern would be welcome indeed.

Having said that, it was a cracker of a UGM though, "surreal", as one observer put it and akin to old times - almost, I daresay. Debating contemporary politics is a refreshing change indeed as is the swelling attendance encouraging. So, let the motions pour in and see you all next week!

Cheers,

*Nasir*

## Women's Week

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
12-2	Stalls in the Quad T-shirts, Condoms, Rape alarms and Chocolates				→
2-3	Careers Talk for Women MARY KING with ARTHUR ANDERSON A85	Coffee and Cosmo Women's Room E197	Politics Workshop Emma Taggart of Labour Students, introduces a Workshop and discussion A220	Sexual Harassment Workshop With DEBBI KING S53	Religious Debate With Jewish, Hindu Islamic and Christian Societies A44
3-4	↓	Yoga Class Gym	↓	Self Defence Class Gym	Adviser to Women Students A44
4-5	Woman's Officer Hour Questions to and advice from the Women's Officer E197	Political Debate Virginia Bottomley, Jackie Ballard and Margaret Hodge A44	Role Of Women In the Media Editors of Cosmopolitan, Loaded and For Women Old Theatre	↓	Veggie Café Party
5-7			NUS Women's Officer Anita Goldsmith E197		
7-11		Cinema Night Thelma and Louise, Boys on the Side or, The Piano Graham Wallis Room		Ann Summers Party Underground	Funky Divas In the Tuns



# Religion should be judged on what it is and not on a perception

Dear Beaver,

Lachesis January admirably wishes to create proper Satan awareness, because she is concerned that there is a general misconception about Satanism. A religion should be judged on what it is and not on what people mistakenly perceive it to be. It is for this reason that I wish to address some of Amber's misconceptions about Christianity.

Amber says that Christianity is a crutch for people who find it difficult to be an individual, people who need rules and punishment, forgiveness and fear. From my experience as a Christian, Christianity is about love and truth. It is about the truth that God loved us so much that he did not

want to punish us as we deserve. Instead he punished his son Jesus by crucifixion, so that he could forgive us, free us from fear of death and offer us the opportunity to reach our full potential as individuals reconciled with him. His condition for giving us this gift of life was not that we must obey a certain set of rules and regulations. His condition is that we believe what Jesus did for us and accept it as a free gift.

Just as Satanism is about choice, Christianity is also about choice—the choice to accept or reject God's gift. Christianity is about those who refuse to conform to the idea that religion is something that we can piece together to suit our individual tastes and

needs. It is about those who look further and see real choices to be made—choices based on fundamental truths that cannot be invented. Christians have no right to force their religion on people, however I do think that they have the right to present people with the facts of Christianity so that they make informed choices that are not based on misconceptions.

As to her opinion that Christian wars are extremely amusing, I have to disagree. Christian wars are not extremely amusing, they are tragic. It is because they are tragic that many Christians are at present walking through the areas of the crusades asking forgiveness for the atrocious actions of the past and seeking

reconciliation. I think that it is always very dangerous to judge a belief solely on the actions of its so called "followers". It is better to look back to the founder of the belief and his intentions. Jesus Christ taught us to do everything out of love for God and for each other. His life is an example of his teaching. Jesus didn't massacre, torture and rape, he healed the sick, fed the hungry, forgave those that society would not forgive and he was crucified by men who did not accept his message.

Yours sincerely  
Hilary Batty

# LSE has gone to sleep

Dear Beaver,

Andrew Yule (Archives, Beaver issue 478) has got the right idea when he implies that the LSE has gone to sleep in recent years. We are currently in one of the most controversial eras, with regards to students, of all time. The impending threat of tuition fees should be enough to stir all of us into a frenzy of protest to protect education for future generations.

Yule demanded to know "What is happening at the LSE today?" The answer is "Not a lot" as we seem to be content to let things slip by us whilst

we look on. I cannot praise the Sabbaticals enough for their actions with regards to Professor Giddens' letter to David Blunkett. Yet the problem was that Giddens was called to defend himself at the UGM. What good will that do judging by the turnout decline of our weekly event and the generally stale environment that seems all too often bereft of enthusiasm for student politics.

The archives show that a mere eleven years ago, LSE students were in occupation of Connaught house. This was in protest at the LSE's continued investment in South Africa related firms after a unanimous vote at the

UGM. The turnout to this was 300, yes 300 LSE students. This produced results, admittedly for a global target and specifically identifiable problem, but it is embarrassing to think that today we are not willing to risk upsetting anyone over an issue which directly affects all of us.

Even more embarrassing for us is the fact that, as Yule points out, if the SOAS protested over a library, surely we can make a collective statement with regards to the LSE's position on the future of education. As an educational institute we owe it to ourselves to help those that wish to be educated.

If people need evidence that we can change things they need only look back to 1984 when students beat fees. Maintaining moralistic idealism used to be the pride of students at the LSE and we became famous for it, we can get this back if we all just wake up a bit.

Yours sincerely,

Toby Whitaker  
SWSS.

# Overseas students set example

Dear Beaver,

Mannan Thangarijah's article on the plight of students from Asia in the light of the current economic crisis made interesting and worrying reading. But is it not more interesting that so many of the sentiments expressed can all too easily be applied to the current student funding crisis in this country?

"There is a rising tide of indignation that more is not being done to help those in real need," writes Thangarijah. This is an important issue because "the consequences for these student's education and for their future will be calamitous." How true, but how many overseas students expressed similar foreboding at the risk of a university

education becoming the preserve of the few and not the many in this country?

I sympathise with the plight of overseas students who are suffering due to the current difficulties and I too hope that a solution is swift. But I believe that a degree of unity on issues such as these would go a long way. If home students were to take a

leaf out of so many overseas students' books on this issue the response would be, "Who gives a shit?"

Yours

Dan Wilson

# LSE Labour are hypocrites

Dear Beaver,

We refer to Joe Robert's letter in the February 3rd. issue of the Beaver, titled "NUS Pragmatic and Practical". The contents of the letter did not surprise us at all, considering the hypocritical stance LSE Labour Club and Labour Students have taken on the whole tuition fees issue, not to mention their typically defeatist and pessimistic attitude and we quote "If you go in with all guns blazing, the chances are you will come out of the other side shot to pieces" - an attitude last year's Labour sabbatical officers displayed clearly, with the result that the School was almost on the verge of implementing top-up fees and only backed down after a change in the national political scene.

Joe Roberts considers the NUS stance "very pragmatic and practical". Small wonder, since it was his colleagues i.e. Labour Students who spoke for and voted in favour of fees in the Labour Party Conference in Brighton last September coupled with NUS President Douglas Trainer mollycoddling around all summer (to cement his place in the Labour party) allowed Blair a free hand to break every single promise he made on "education, education, education". NUS also made a fundamental flaw in its strategy by solely targeting its campaign on current students who were not going to be affected in the first place and not getting school pupils and parents on board. By the time it made a half-hearted attempt

to do so, it was too late, leaving one to wonder whether this was perhaps a deliberate measure on their part.

The fact remains that the Labour Students' vote in September was the final nail in the coffin as far as the tuition fees campaign was concerned. After handing the government fees on a platter and throttling student protest, the NUS proceeded to start a vain attempt to galvanise support on campuses so that the sabbaticals around the country could share some of the blame. Since then it has been an uphill struggle to convince students to participate in the campaign and always countering the argument that we're fighting a losing battle.

Joe Roberts and the LSE Labour

Club should come out in the field and join us, instead of shouting from the sidelines. Only then will he realise how thankless our task has been in this campaign. But then again, that would be too much to ask, wouldn't it? There's no way he could come in with guns blazing because all he would muster up is incomprehensible rhetoric.

Yours sincerely,

Narius Aga  
General Secretary

Yuan Potts  
Education &  
Welfare Officer

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# Who is more dangerous: Capitalism or George Soros?

Is George Soros a Capitalist? Gord Gekko tries to find an answer

From CNN to "The McLaughlin Group", one man's recent critique of capitalism has led to a debate about the role of capitalism and its effects on society. The argument has once again come down to whether limits are needed on capitalism to stop it from wreaking havoc on society. The man in question who has largely sparked this latest round of the pros vs. cons of capitalism is billionaire financier George Soros with his piece in the February 1997 issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* entitled "The Capitalist Threat".

While I must say at the outset of this piece that I emphatically disagreed with Soros' arguments and conclusions, he has performed a valuable service to capitalism. Too long has capitalism been debated with too few people understanding exactly what it is that they are debating. So What Is Capitalism? Defining capitalism seems to be a difficult proposition for most, even for some that should know. The only economic system that most North Americans have experienced is the mixed economy, a society that has attempted to fold, and failed in trying, collectivist precepts into a capitalist economy, spawning a mutation which is sometimes as much one as the other. As an example, not long ago I received a piece of email from a young woman at Aquinas College. While doing some research for a paper she stumbled on ESR and posed the question she had been tasked to answer: "Is the United States a socialist or capitalist society?" A good question. Living in Canada I could only answer from an outsider's perspective. In Canada the answer is only slightly easier to answer. The response I gave her was, to be succinct, that the United States was both.

While the United States features less government intervention in the economy (level of taxation, government regulation of the market and level of entitlements, among other variables should suffice to explain government intervention) than does Canada and some European states, it still features a huge bureaucracy which regulate large segments of the economy. Since the late 1800's, the United States has moved steadily away from a capitalist economy to that of a mixed economy. I myself prefer Ayn Rand's definition of capitalism which appeared in her essay "What Is Capitalism?" (*Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal*, 1967):

"Capitalism is a social system based on the recognition of individual rights, including property rights, in which all property is privately owned."

Rand's definition is one that presupposes knowledge about the basic aspects of objectivism, the philosophy that she largely created and refined. Since this is an essay on capitalism, I try and succinctly give you that background. Rand believed that the cornerstone of capitalism was individual rights and that the only way to protect those rights was to eliminate force in human relationships. Rand believed that in a capitalist society that force, whether, coercion or physical, may not be initiated by one against another. To banish force, government is given the monopoly of force to protect people's rights.

If force is banished, then all human exchange is voluntary and all exchange is governed by reason. So what is the



Is Soros the threat he's made out to be?

Photo: Library

role of private property? Rand stated in that same essay, "Private property is the institution that protect and implements the right to disagree - and thus keeps the road open to man's most valuable attribute (valuable personally, socially, and objectively): the creative mind." The Capitalist Threat? So what's George Soros' beef? In his *Atlantic Monthly* piece Soros claims that capitalism has become a force that is doing harm to society itself. After successfully juxtaposing itself against Marxism, capitalists believe that the system has become an ultimate truth. Like Marxism, Soros states, capitalism is trying to portray itself as a science.

His core argument is that the "open society" that we enjoy is being threatened. What Soros means by the term "open society" is what philosopher Karl Popper's definition the term is, which appeared in his 1945 work, *The Open Society and Its Enemies*. Popper stated that since the ultimate truth is beyond mankind, ideologies like Marxism or Nazism, which claim to be an ultimate truth, must rely on oppression to force its truth on society and those who do not share the same ultimate truth. Popper's view of an open society was one that realized that there were many ultimate truths and that government was needed to protect the rights of citizens, allowing them to co-exist peacefully even though widely divergent philosophies existed.

Soros believes that many capitalists have accepted capitalism, and are promoting it as, an ultimate truth without understanding the ramifications and effects. It has become a force, that like totalitarian ideologies, which believes it possesses an ultimate truth and destroys common interests. Soros believes that these common interests, never really defined in his piece, must be protected from capitalism. "Laissez-faire capitalism holds that the common good is best

served by the uninhibited pursuit of self-interest. Unless it is tempered by the recognition of a common good that ought to take precedence over particular interests, our present system is liable to break down."

Soros also has a problem with what he calls "excessive individualism". Soros defines that as "too much competition and too little cooperation." What does the amateur philosopher define individualism as? No answer. For all his successes and obvious talents, I would submit that Soros does not understand, on a philosophical level what capitalism really is.

Soros believes that his "open society" is threatened some people's belief that capitalism has an ultimate truth, one that will infringe on the beliefs and truths of others who do not share capitalism's philosophical messages.

Soros is essentially correct. Some "truths" disappear because they are destroyed by the reality of the situation. But what Soros is arguing is not anti-capitalism, what Soros is arguing is anti-reason. Capitalism, as stated above, is a free exchange, not only of goods and services, but of philosophies as well. Just as a temporal marketplace deals in products, a philosophy must gain currency in the marketplace of the minds. The only moral way for a philosophy to be freely exchanged is with reason. Capitalism is a moral system that depends on free exchange. Anyone is allowed to hold whatever beliefs they wish, but those beliefs will be tested by reality. If they do not hold up to reason, then a rational person will re-think those beliefs. Capitalism too depends on reason. That which cannot be rationally explained in a free market cannot be sustained. Capitalism serves no common good for society. The common good is a term that has no definition. Who's common good? No answer.

When Soros talks about the "common good" he expressly holds that as a higher goal than the individual. Soros railed against what he calls excessive individualism. Soros all but admits his tyranny is acceptable, where capitalism's benefits are not. His tyranny holds the collective should benefit not those who hold rationality and justice above the mob. Soros' "common good" means upholding any belief system, no matter what it preaches. By placing other systems at the same level as capitalism Soros does not raise them, but insults the freest form of human exchange.

Capitalism serves no social or collectivist agenda. It is simply the most moral system of human exchange and interaction conceived.

John McLaughlin called this debate "faddist" but he is wrong. Capitalism has been under attack since the day the *Wealth of Nations* was published. Attempts to subvert capitalism to shackle it to someone's hobbyhorse or outright attempts to destroy it happen every day, whether by "social activists" or governments. To date, capitalism has survived in one mutated form or another. George Soros' attack is merely the latest. Don't believe that Soros is arguing anti-reason? His own words condemn him as an enemy of capitalism, true freedom and the human mind:

"We have now had 200 years of experience with the Age of Reason, and as reasonable people we ought to recognize that reason has its limitations. The time is ripe for developing a conceptual framework based on our fallibility. Where reason has failed, fallibility may yet succeed."

It would appear that Mr. Soros fell prey to his own conceptual framework.

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## Skyscraper



By Johannes SkylstadTynes

Value is a word frequently used and naturally we all know what it means. Or do we? Even though we speak of it as if it were a self-evident concept many people would undoubtedly find it hard to explain exactly what it means without resorting to circular definitions.

The historically dominant theory of value is intrinsic. This determines value without regards to the context of the valuer. Thus an ice cream is equally valuable to the people at the beach on a hot summer day as it is to the skiers caught in a blizzard in the icy cold winter. And the first glass of water you drink is as valuable as the tenth glass of water you drink irrespective of whether the first one saves you from death and the last one makes you feel ill.

As a reaction to the obvious failures of an intrinsic theory of value, the subjective theory has been developed. This claims that what is valuable or not is entirely determined by the valuer regardless of factual qualities of the valued. Thus a painting by Picasso is without value if you believe it to be a horrible mesh of paint whereas a 'painting' consisting of only one colour is valuable if you happen to 'get a kick out of it'.

The problem with this view of value is that it is a bit puzzling to for instance say that a car is without value because a person 'doesn't see the point in driving'. In other words this theory separates value from reason. You don't have to think in order to determine what is valuable and what is not.

As we have seen there are errors involved in both the intrinsic and the subjective theory of value. Whereas the former focuses on the valued and neglects the role of the valuer the latter focuses on the valuer but neglects the valued.

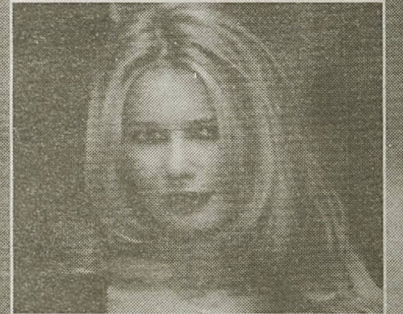
Luckily there is a third theory which avoids the errors associated with the previous theories. This is the objective theory of value, which says that value lies in the link between the valuer and the valued. Whether something is valuable or not depends on the context of the individual, yet at the same time is ultimately determined by reality and not on arbitrary opinions. In other words value exists independently of whether we recognise it or not.

The objective theory of value holds value to be whatever furthers human life. Thus a car *is* valuable even if someone fails to recognise its advantages as a means of transportation. And an ice cream *is* usually more valuable on hot than on cold days as it serves to cool down the body which in the winter can make you freeze to death whilst in the summer can keep you from fainting. The essential consequence of the objective theory is that value has to be *discovered*. Valuing is an active process and we have the capacity both to make mistakes and to succeed. Only through reason can we therefore determine what is valuable and what is not. Comments welcome at: [j.s.tynes@lse.ac.uk](mailto:j.s.tynes@lse.ac.uk).



**INSIDE**

# Bart



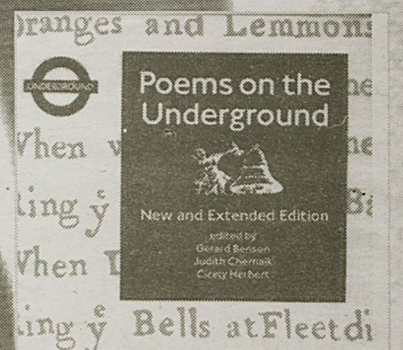
**THE BLACKOUT**  
*FILM*



**UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH - LIVE**  
*MUSIC*



**XERXES**  
*THEATRE (OPERA)*

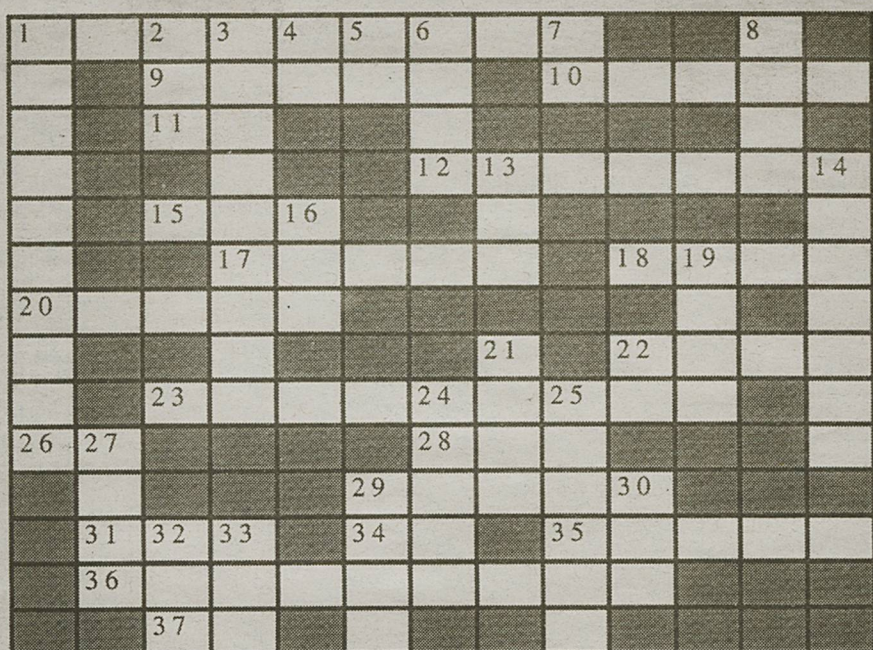


**UNDERGROUND POETRY?**  
*LITERARY*

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# LIFESTYLE





**THE FIRST CORRECT ENTRY  
WILL WIN A MYSTERY  
PRIZE.**

**ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN THE BEAVER  
OFFICE (C023) BY THURSDAY**

## Crossword

BY PLATO PHIL

### ACROSS:

- 1 Smith's style of thought.
- 9 Hangman's tie.
- 10 Not quite changing, the bishop's stone table.
- 11 Two letters: It's capital.
- 12 English Town.
- 15 Dancing that makes you run hot and cold.
- 17 A light boat?
- 18 Grasping the road well.
- 20 Type of Lockean consent.
- 22 Rockstar Billy, worships stone.
- 23 Leaving for foreign lands.
- 26 Negative: doctor.
- 28 Sewer dweller, sneaks on friend.
- 29 Great writer.
- 31 Yes, I'm old fashioned.
- 34 Skyward.
- 35 Dodge.
- 36 Patrick Moore's chosen instrument.
- 37 The, Spanish.

### DOWN

- 1 Illegal action, destroys computer data?
- 2 Common conjunction.
- 3 Abandoned by Tony?
- 4 La-La finds it between her better half and Fah.
- 5 It's his - but no h.
- 6 Right Wing party in Spain (1930s).
- 7 La-La's other half.
- 8 Birch, Banned for school kids in the 1980's.
- 13 Neither - Or gate.
- 14 Concentric? Spread over pond.
- 16 Popular Postman, strokes dog.
- 19 Ticket to... go sidesaddle.
- 21 My - country - Jog!
- 22 Pronoun.
- 24 Plotting one requires information.
- 25 See to wounds, was at event.
- 27 Precious stone.
- 29 Not Dope, but is a fool.
- 30 Adam's partner, on the night before Christmas.
- 32 Can see.
- 33 Everything.



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# PURE POETRY

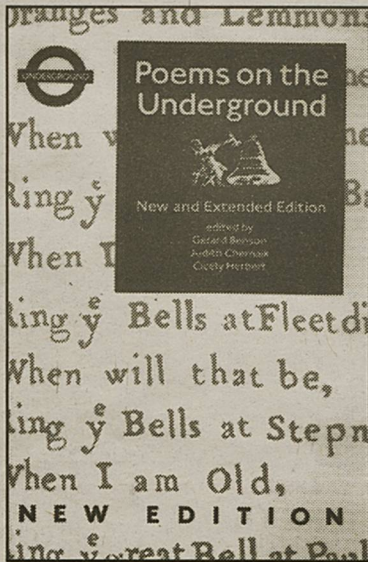
Nadezda Kinsky travels through a world of poetry accessible to all at the price of a tube-ticket.

One reason I love the London Underground (and I do genuinely love it as part of London), is the fact that occasionally, when I glance up in total boredom, prepared to read even the most mundane advert for car insurance or the like, I am pleasantly surprised to find a poem to entertain me at least until the next stop. "Poems on the Underground" started in 1986 under the leadership of Gerard Benson, Judith Chernaik and Cicely Herbert, and heavily sponsored by London Underground. At first, scepticism ran high and all were highly aware of the new ground they were treading on. By now, however, over a decade later, "Poems on the Underground" is still thriving and part of any London Transport User's life. The poems provide for those who have nothing to do whilst waiting for their stop (and, let's face it, the tube doesn't have the most exciting view out of its windows), and can provoke many reactions, just as the variety of poems used is great. Some may just amuse, others may inspire or even convince you that your next purchase must be a book by one particular poet.

I have seen people scrambling for a piece of paper and a pen to quickly copy out a piece, others are quietly moving their lips, trying to

memorise those few lines before they have to get off the tube and return to their corporate world, boring jobs, or shopping trips. The poems vary widely, from English to Chinese, from Shakespeare to Philip Larkin.

The timescale and variety of subject matter represented seems endless, and inexhaustible. All subjects are covered, and all poems can



seem to be appropriate whenever you happen to see them. Travel and London lay at hand as obvious subjects, and are represented. Other poems can draw one suddenly into a forgotten world of rural peace, or of different countries and cultures. There are those that provide a quick, amusing read, and don't weigh on your mind, others you may find yourself thinking about for days, trying to find out why they struck you so much on first sight. Especially as the poems are taken out of context, sometimes only single stanzas, their separate and individual meanings take on a special

identity: They are no longer a minor part of one work or the writings of one specific poet amongst his or her other works, but they are writings that affect you only there and then for the short time that you happen to be squashed in front of that particular board. In short, the programme brings poetry much closer to everyone: It is no longer a time-consuming and highly intellectual and pretentious past-time to

dwell on two lines in a poem, but the poetry confronts you at a time when your only other choice is yesterdays 'The Sun', read over the shoulder of the bloke sitting next to you, and it is your choice to remember or forget it. It may be the nonsensical that cheers you up on the

'Much Madness is divinest Sense'

Much madness is divinest Sense-  
To a discerning Eye-  
Much Sense - the starkest Madness-  
'Tis the majority  
In this, as All, prevail-  
Assent-and you are sane-  
Demur - you-re straightaway dangerous -  
And handled with a Chain-

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

way to that painful 9 o'clock lecture, or the serious that makes you think more deeply. The poems are a great idea and make the Underground so much more interesting and can change a boring journey, a waste of time, into an unmissable experience that can change your view of this genre of literature forever. The next time you get on the tube, and don't have anything better to do, take a look above you and you might just find your favorite poem in between the deodorant and chewing gum ads.

The "Poems on the Underground" anthology is published by Cassell Publishers, and regularly updated and reprinted.

## Best of British

Lachesis January on the future of science fiction and fantasy on a monthly basis .

Interzone is the last monthly science fiction and fantasy magazine in Britain and the sci-fi scene here depends on its continuing success. February's issue combined five strong short stories with the usual features and commentary on the scene, book, film and TV reviews. On initial perusal of the contents page, I figured that mixing the short stories with other bits and pieces wouldn't work, thinking I preferred the exclusive style of other magazines I've read. I was wrong and very much so. The interspersed features articles amongst the stories isn't a divided focus, more of a synergy. Having read something as enjoyable as Tanith Lee's 'The Girl Who Lost Her Looks', an 'adult fairy-tale' which uses the language and style of age-old fantasy jaunts without losing the modern-day relevancy with the topics it explores, it was quite refreshing not to go straight into another new world but to read Nick Lowe's entertaining piece on Hercules and Wendy Bailey's equally friendly TV review.

The real world stuff complimented the sff. I should have guessed, really. 'On the Oodnadatta' by Alastair Reynolds was both well-written and illustrated. It's not worth pointing out that any of these stories are well-written because it goes without saying. They are in Interzone so they have to be well-written. Story-wise it unfolded without giving its ending away, beautifully drawing out the characters and the world it was about - you learnt the world as you went through, a near-future technologically advanced place with different political powers to now, you weren't told it as an introduction and that made it a very real place. It's easy to get used to near-future stuff but that doesn't make it a

less fascinating territory to explore. Initially, I thought this was going to be a 'cryogenics' story and was disappointed but, as I said before, it wasn't predictable and I never knew just how Mr Reynolds was going to use the cryogenic-line. All in all, an exceedingly good tale. 'New Year's Eve' (by Douglas Smith) is a millennium story and I LOATHE the millennium.

Significance-wise, we invented the dating-system, it went screwy in the middle-ages so how the hell is it going to have cosmic effects? Social, maybe, but UFOs? Well, this is how...The story is near-future in the respect that the action is over after 2000, but it also uses the VR and computer environment. Our central character is likeably fallible and his descent into the world he created is believable. While a millennium flaw, missed by the program analysts, lies in waiting to reek havoc, VUI (Virtual-r,eality User Interface) '(that's view-ee)' goes multi-national. It's bizarrely involving, probably because despite the computer stuff, it's a very human story. The ending, inevitable as it was, disappointed me. Having read a story that was well-paced and enjoyable, I didn't really want it to go the way it did.

Keith Brooke's 'The Resting Place' didn't really grab my attention. I couldn't quite settle into it, though I tried several times. I'm not sure why... Gary Westfahl's explanation of why sci-fi will die (maybe) was, in contrast, a compelling read. Our exploration and joint-ruling of the universe with other intelligent life-forms isn't going to happen and the acceptance of this does cut a large proportion of sci-fi ideas out. You'll have to

read it, he says it far better than I ever could!

'Fairest Isle', by Elizabeth Counihan, looked set to irritate me from the start. I have a real problem with phonetically written accents in speech - it changes the whole way I have to read something. So, determined I was going to hate this tale about three young people and a baby, I began. The world she creates almost has a Peter Dickinson's 'The Changes Trilogy' feel to it being depressing but not without hope. I never quite got used to the accent thing, but the story had a charm to it and a believable (unfortunately) world. The fate of the characters was of my utmost concern, which kept the tale gripping right to the end.

The interview with David Mathew was interesting and the book reviews at the end were well-written enough to be readable, whatever preconceptions I had of likes or dislikes.

All this is to be expected from such a highly regarded magazine, a 'must' if you are at all interested in the genres it represents, which draws the very best writers - people send their best stuff to Interzone and, on average, only 2.5% of submissions get through ensuring, encouragingly, only the very best. A subscription to Interzone is well-worth the £32 pounds for 12 issues because of its high-quality and the fact that it's not just something good to read on the tube but a vital link to the sff world.

(Subscription requests to Ann Pringle and cheques made payable to 'Interzone'. Also accept credit cards, see web page for further details about this.)

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217 Preston Drive, Brighton BN1 6FL

## London Fields

Martin Amis

London Fields is not about fields, but rather it consists of stylistic urban set-pieces through which Amis skilfully weaves an elaborately told, deceptively simple yet darkly intense story bursting with humour, sex and quite brilliant prose.

It is a story of love, of murder and of destiny all spiced up with a little bit of darts. At the heart of this tale lie four figures locked together in lethal alignment. Keith Talent is the murderer; a masterpiece of comic creation whose life as a small time crook with a darts obsession ever fails to amuse. Nicola Six is the murderess; an engaging anti-heroine who has seen it all and done it all. To create the circumstances of her own death and to act as an agent of fate appeals to her creative instincts. Unwittingly caught up with these two is the foil - Guy Clinch - a nice guy who quickly becomes Mr Manipulated. And finally there is the narrator, who gradually finds himself drawn into the magnetic force field of the story he is telling.

It is the depth of these characters and the obvious enjoyment that Amis takes in creating these caricatures that make this book work so well. This book is deadly serious, very funny and totally involving. Amis seems to have a natural understanding of the comedy of human nature and on top of the intrinsic quality of the prose he provides insights into life that make these pages full of truly lasting words.

Kester Ford

## Night Terrors

More small press, this time from America, by LJ

This gem, with full supporting webpage <http://users.aol.com/NTMagazine/> is a well-put together horror/dark-fantasy offering. Typical of USA magazines, it is produced professionally and the stories found within match this generally, drawing writers such as A R Morlan and James S Dorr. The sample copy, available on-line, contains ten good length stories, all of which are of a good technical standard. Of the ten, I liked six very much; they were involving and intriguing. The other four were less rewarding, but this is personal taste.

Night Terrors concentrates on horror fiction with involving characters. The stories seem fairly traditional in conception, proper endings and everything. There is no gore, just thought-provoking stuff, stories that make you think about them afterwards. I'd recommend this magazine to anyone who likes modern, well-written horror. Nothing is cliched; no tired old tales of, "It was 1666 when I became a vampire..."

A stand out story for me was Mort Castle's "Henderson's Place/Summer Eyes". Perhaps it was the confrontation of banality and madness that appealed to me as well as the unexpected but oh-so-perfect ending.

It's worth investigating because small press horror is becoming a gradually more potent force, especially in America where the industry is treated with more respect than over here. Start collecting now, to be part of it, because it is exciting. If my words haven't persuaded you, check out the webpage for yourself, which is equally well-produced.



# Unbelievable ... Truth?

Unbelievable Truth, Hatchback  
@ The Borderline

This was always liable to be the coolest place to be. New up-coming band with a great pedigree and overwhelming potential in what is probably the best venue in London. Places like Brixton or The Forum may have the capacity but the Borderline has quite simply the atmosphere. The air is thick with the mindless chatter of wanky PR type people, as well as the occasional star (Jo Whiley spoke to me. Well she said "excuse me" because I was standing in her way, but you get the idea.) but that doesn't matter. The beer flows easy, the label peeling is even easier and the support band is superb.

I feel no shame in admitting that I have never heard of Hatchback, but I really was starting to wish I had. They were excellent. A cool relaxed set of incredible balance, the Bass and Lead acoustic



Karma? Puh-leeze.

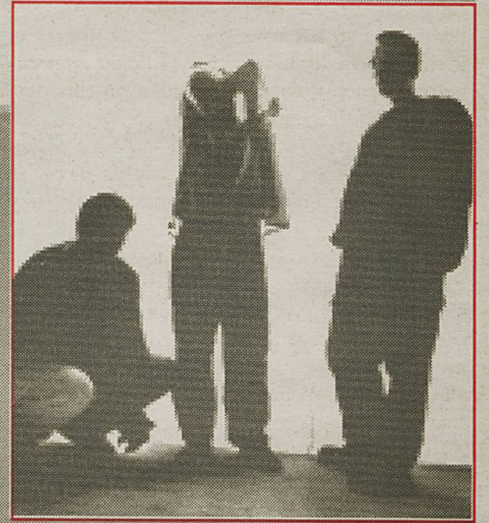
Guitars seemed like they were created to be together. Hatchback covered a rather sombre set of ideas, ones of isolation, isolation and erm, being ostracised. Some of the most beautiful lyrics of the night came out of the mouth of somebody who looks like a cross between a Chumbawumba and that bloke out of Dodgy who's screwing Zoe Ball, such as "Pre-Raphaelite painting I adore" and "driving with the heaviest tyres on an eggshell motorway". These people really should escape from a support spot ASAP. They clearly are a band to watch.

You won't need to watch Unbelievable Truth.

They are so bound to be huge that passive staring will supply more than enough information. Examine the facts :- Thom Yorke's brother's band providing music in the same rich vein of the Verve and, yes, Radiohead, being promoted to the hilt by Virgin (how many bands have been sponsored by Virgin Megastores?). Success is inevitable and my opinion matters even less than usual. Lucky then that I thought that they were bloody brilliant. Acoustic in the main, the whole set was one long homage to beautifully created music. It's a damn shame the album isn't out yet because I'm sure I would have enjoyed it even more, but the singles I have heard 'Stone' and 'Higher than Reason' came across incredibly well.

The biggest flaw in the Truth's repertoire is, as you might have expected, that they do sound like a Radiohead Mark II. So often I was playing name that tune as a vague 'Karma Police' or 'Lucky' cropped up. That is their biggest problem, the inevitable Radiohead comparisons. Andy Yorke - see, he does have his own name - acts and sound very similar to his brother, and the band does cover some of the same ground. However I really should try to avoid these comparisons. Unbelievable Truth are a band in their own right, and a really good one at that, simply at the start of an ascendance which is destined to take them incredibly far (if Richard Branson has anything to do with). It's nice to see that on occasions Capitalism does work.

Daniel Lewis



WaiWan  
Distraction



The Electric Ladyland Tour  
@ The End

The End recently celebrated its second birthday with a big bang, but their mission of pushing electronic dance music to new boundaries has only begun.

After their successful 1997 World tour (stopping over in Europe and the US as well as at Berlin's world famous 'rave for peace', the Love Parade) The End Label now launched their 1998 Electric Ladyland Tour. Last Saturday then the eagerly awaited club show arrived back home, at London's The End.

Thus overly excited we arrived at West Central Street, expecting to cunningly jump the queue - as we journalists do. Yet not at The End. All we get is a bouncer's heartless nodding and a dry "The guest list queue is over there". Well, fair enough. Still much better than the proper queue for at least half an hour. Once thoroughly searched, we walk down the bombastic 30 stairs and enter the bright vault of dance music. A purpose-built club, The End gives the impression of a slightly sterile place, lacking the all-important vibes. But for thousands of clubbers it's the dog's bollocks, so let's blame that on opinion.

The main dance floor's sound system is amazing, with the DJ booth in the middle, offering space for up to four DJs. The wooden floor makes the whole place vibrate, the beats literally resonate through your body. Dead cool. The upper floor hosts the bar (bottle beer £2.90), while a smaller dance floor invites with chilling beats and comfy seats, everything from funky grooves to hiphop and jazzadelica.

The Electric Ladyland Tour, (obviously) taking its name and inspiration from Jimi Hendrix famous album, was announced to feature stunning DJ Performances by Mr C., Matthew 'Bushwaka' B and Layo Paskin (The Usual Suspects), with all even performing simultaneously on four desks. Bushwaka took a break from the tour that night but the mighty David Holmes took his place. Also Deano, Miles Holloway and Elliot Eastwick joined the crew.

Sounds spectacular, eh? Unfortunately, it wasn't, really. Admittedly, The End's whole atmosphere, with its mixed and friendly crowd, is rather enjoyable. Admittedly, the beats were fat, the air hot, and David Holmes is a God. Admittedly, we had a great night out. Yet again, I was expecting something special, something outstanding. But in all honesty, it wasn't. Not even worth the comparison with Jimi Hendrix. A good club night, nothing more, nothing less. Maybe I was expecting too much. Maybe it'll be better when Electric Ladyland returns to the End on 7th of March. It's worth a try. But leave Jimi out of it. He deserves better.

Malte Gerhold

SAVE FERRIS  
@ THE BORDERLINE

Look at their band photo and try not to think of "No Doubt". It's impossible. The same was true at their live gig. "Save Ferris" constantly reminded me of the band that enriched the musical world with their Tragic Kingdom. It's not only that their singer's attitude and facial expressions seem heavily borrowed, her phrasings and her voice are identical to those of Gwen Stefani.

Merely the musical stress of the band as a whole differs from "No Doubt". While the latter did start off as a ska-band, they now hardly ever make use of ska-elements, playing some kind of funky pop-music. "Save Ferris", on the other hand, (still?) rely to a great extent on the ska-offbeats, which they wrap in swifty and funky pop-arrangements. Doubtless (or should I say: No doubt...), they do that very well and professionally.

Yet it is odd that their only obviously weak point on the CD, the horns, is live their strongest asset. On the EP "Introducing Save Ferris", the horns rather sound like a completely crappy "casio"-kids' keyboard, and when the alto sax solos, you think it is a distorted guitar. On stage, by contrast, their sound as a section is overwhelmingly powerful, and the solos are bloody brilliant. On top of that, they dance and jump around and put on a show loaded with intensity.

A good gig, if lacking originality. But, I suppose, it's better to copy well than to be creative, at least if you want a record deal. And I didn't mind seeing "No Doubt" for a fiver.

Rude Ralph

Malte Gerhold let's The  
End's Electric Ladyland  
Tour fuel his fire,  
whilst Matt Bro gets  
sucked in by Space to find  
out they blow.

Space  
@ Shepherds Bush Empire

Oh yes, Space. In case anyone has forgotten, this, like Texas and the resurrection of Reef, is all the fault of that ginger egotistical twat, Chris "Wanker" Evans. Now, thanks, to the twisted will of one ugly, sad little man, I'm stuck here in a crowd of school kids waiting to hear the musical equivalent of a pair of novelty breasts. Oh, goody.

At the best of times Space manage to be exceedingly average but tonight they really push the boat and appear to be making a concerted effort to be truly appalling. From the time they lurch on stage to the time they finally sod off after a totally unnecessary encore Space's presence grates like sand-paper on raw skin. From Tommy's whining voice to the sub-comedy stylings of such appalling 'songs' which surely even one trick ponies like Aqua would balk at, Space churn out putrid stinking aural turd after putrid stinking aural turd.

So it comes as no surprise that the audience tonight consists mostly of know-nothing 14 year olds whose idea of sophistication is "Live and Kicking" with Zoe Ball. It's this kind of audience that laps up the paper thin rendition of 'Neighbourhood', the vitriol that constitutes their latest single 'The Ballad of Tom Jones', even the ridiculous synth camp of their supposed return to grace; 'Avenging Angels'. They bounce as the overly hairy Tom gurns into faces that make a bulldog chewing a hornet look positively appealing and even give the tortured version of 'Female of the Species' a response usually reserved for fundamentalist religions.

Apparently Space's keyboard player vanished for a while in the wake of the success of Spiders leaving the future of the band in doubt. From tonight's concert it seems a pity that he didn't do a Richey and save us all from the musical car wreck that is Space. The pure unadulterated pain I suffered can not be expressed. You want me to sum up this concert? Fine. 'It was Shite'.

Matt Bro

Hey wait! Is that DJ Shadow? No? But it sounds like it, that's for sure. It's not him? I could have sworn... Who's it then? Who? WaiWan? What kinda silly name's that? But damn great, man, damn great...

Indeed WaiWan is a brand new name in business. Yet one we'll inevitably hear of much more often in the future. The future of dance music that is. Of soulful music. Of jazz music. Of soundtrack music. Of big beats. Of whatever. You'll hear it again. Full stop.

Hong Kong born Wai emigrated with his family to Hull in the mid-sixties, where he started classical guitar lessons before getting terribly bored with all the tedious reciting of stone-age compositions and took a few jazz theory lessons. Good for him and even better for us. After experimenting with a student band in Leeds, Wai felt distracted and restrained and at last discovered his need to be a sole purveyor. "Music is a delicate form of expression," he explains to us, "it should be dealt with in a subtle way without any form of compromise." Can't argue with that.

Still not satisfied with his work and environment Wai became magically attracted by the beautiful (!) city of Manchester, where he finally settled and started work on his first album. Usually I wouldn't allow Manchester any inspiring force but in WaiWan's case it probably has. Sitting on a noisy bus, staring at the grey and the dirt, it all came together. Those good old Vibes were finally there.

WaiWan's musical style crosses boundaries between dance, sampling, jazz and soundtrack. Influenced by many genres he creates a moody and groovy sound: "I borrow the vibe and retain it's soul to give it a new lease of life." An urban life, a life of neon lights and gin-tonic. Not exactly Manchester, really. But never mind. Tracks like 'Goddess' (forthcoming single) 'It ain't easy' very much remind me of DJ Shadow, but WaiWan uses rather less samples (which is not that difficult to do since for his album 'Introducing...' the man used samples only) and fills the gaps with the jazzy sounds of organ and sax, while dark, pulsating heart beats originate from a outstanding mixture of hiphop, drum 'n' bass and big beats.

WaiWan isn't the first pioneer in the experimental fusion of hiphop and jazz sampling - Ninja Tunes and Mo'Wax were out there long before - but he's definitely one of the best. (8)

Malte Gerhold



# Oh the Humanity!!!

## Classic Album IV

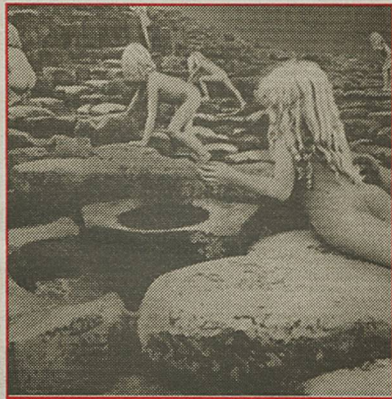
Shilpa Ganatra prays at the altar of 70's Rock Gods Led Zeppelin.

### Led Zeppelin

#### Houses of the Holy (1973)

It's often been said (by no one but me) that your favourite Led Zep album is the first one of theirs you listen to. Out of the several that they've done, it's damn near impossible to choose just one that's classic, so because of the fact that it's the first one I listened to, and perhaps also because it's the first album of theirs to actually have a title (4 failed attempts before, people), we have decided on this one. Now we're swinging.

Despite these superficialities, it is clear that this was one of the first albums that dared to trample all over musical boundaries as they pleased. If you thought that Led Zep are the band for a 50-year old guy with long, grey head slicked back into a pony-tail and a biker jacket on, then...well, you've got a point, but they could also appeal to anyone who appreciates music for music's sake. The diversity of this album is realised in the diversity of the bands that cite them as an influence; in their tribute album, the Stone Temple Pilots covered 'Dancing' Days' (oooh, what a riff it has), whilst Sheryl Crow killed 'D'yer Mak'er', a laid-back reggae song which needs to be listened to when supping on Malibu and Lemonade in a place



very near to the equator. And somewhere near Texas, 'The Ocean' contains the funniest hillbilly part you've heard in a 'rock' album.

In general, though, this album is the perfect one to mellow out to. One could imagine copious amounts of illegal substances being consumed during the writing of this album. The perfect chill-out song is 'Over The Hills and Far Away', a beautiful acoustic number, which isn't as wishy-washy as its title implies. 'The Crunge', in fact, stands as the only fast-tempo song in here, and it ain't exactly break-neck at that.

Although this album was recorded over twenty-five years ago, like most classic albums, it still has more relevance today than most of the music in the charts. Bands such as Reef, The Tea Party, and The Black Crowes to name but a few have plagiarised their stuff to bits, and rather than checking out their second-hand music (as good as it is, y'understand), it maybe would be worth checking out the real thing instead.

Shilpa Ganatra

### Dawn of the Replicants

#### One Head, two arms, two legs

There are some things you can assume are bad for you without it ever actually happening. Eating molten asphalt is one. Being impaled on a 6 foot, barbed spike whilst only wearing your pants is another. And from the sound of this album another to add to the list of things you obviously don't want to do is meeting Dawn of the Replicants alone, in a dark alley at night.

The Replicants have been making a name for themselves recently producing the kind of dark, scary tunes that are listenable in the same way a car crash is watchable. However nothing can prepare you for the aural assault that comes when you put One head, two arms, two legs into your CD. It sounds like the kind of creation only a depraved, twisted and thoroughly sick mind could produce. Cool.

With their first album the Dawn of the Replicants seem to have refined the style they had for much of their EPs and produced in a friendly yet not compromised package. Kicking off with the fuzz guitar wail that is Cocaine on the Catwalk the album swings between styles never focusing on just one but always retaining some semblance of identity. From the strange semi-humour and slow styling of Windy Miller to the scarily charged screech, Lisa Box, the Replicants never seem to fumble the ball. Tracks like the punky So Sleepy and the layered Radars stick in the mind with their catchy yet unorthodox tunes. Less harsh tunes like the nearly acoustic Sleepy Spiders and the Brian Wilson-esque Mary Louise round of the album demonstrate the Replicants ability to switch from style to style with very little trouble.

I could try to describe it further but Dawn of the Replicants are sometimes beyond comprehension let alone description. This album really must be one of the first essential albums of '98 even if not everyone would like it.

Wake up... Time to die. (9) Matt Bro



## Beastie Beaver

Listen. Two words. Brit Awards. Two more words. Shit Awards. I thought this institutional long-term bullshit reached its all-time low last year, when the Spice Girls pocketed one award after the other. Good old Britannia looked like a poor water-drained poodle in the hands of Spicy nipple power. You could literally see her disgust.

But this year the Beastie had to learn better. Live and learn, they say. Unfortunately, last week's Brit Awards were the unmitigated and painful confession of a music industry already breathing its last breathe. A night of jolly Tom Jones and folly Robbie Williams singing through a Full Monty Soundtrack medley, and of Chumbawamba pouring a bucket of water over John Prescott. Chumbawamba, you've said your thing, now please get out of my face. You were unsuccessful for 12 years, so it's more than time that you return to your roots. And we know that you hate the industry, are anarchic and want to get a message across. And after 'Tubthumping' that's just what we believe, right. Of course, playing on TOTP for weeks was just another step to fight the evil of capitalism. Radiohead didn't bother to show up at all and that's probably why they didn't get a reward. Just don't forget, boys, that the 'bitchy, selfish music business' you're boycotting right now is exactly the one that made you big. The Verve were hardly convinced of their awards for Best Album, Best Producer and Best Band and in order to make their point clear played a Help the Homeless gig next door at the Brixton Academy. At least a brief live link allowed the screaming audience a brief glimpse of 'Lucky Man'. The Spice Girls, finally, thought long about their appearance this year, face to face with arch-rivals All Saints, and only the invention of a new award, especially for them, could convince them. Outstanding Commercial Success. Fine. This and nothing else is exactly what the Spice Girls deserve.

If you haven't seen it on TV, let me give you a brief summary of the rest of Britannia's 1998 big stomach ache.

Finlay Quayle got Best Male, Best Female went to Shola Ama and Best International Female went to Bjork. Best Newcomer was thankfully received by Stereophonics, continuing the Welsh take-over of English music tastes since the Manic Street Preachers went back to the studio for another album of grief and pain. Still, boring chancers are all they are. The Award for Outstanding Contribution to British Music went to Fleetwood Mac - (long sigh) - they probably deserve it. But this is where the 'good news' ended. Best Male International was given to Jon Bon Jovi - could someone please cut his hair, give him a new passport, a proper job and make sure he damn well shuts up for the rest of his life! The same holds for Elton John, who got the Freddy Mercury Award. Nice gesture. Go away. Leave me alone. Best Dance Act is The Prodigy... yawn. Finally, for the record, Best International Newcomer are The Eels. Go home. This leaves us with... All Saints! The Beastie tries hard but cannot find a single conceivable reason why they got Best Single and Best Video - if it's not dressing up in wonderbras, smiling even when asked for a shag by drunken lads and showing their talent(s) on stage.

Fair enough, Mercury is the critics' award. Brats the fans' and Brits the industry's. We can blatantly see that. But one more year of this and Lady Britannia can celebrate the award in her backyard. Brit Awards. Shit Awards.



### Wubbe U

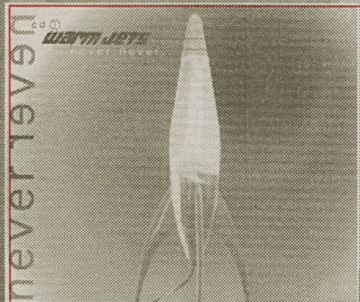
#### Petal

A bit of a confusing dance effort, this track. The synthesised background sets a decent tone and pace but the background lyrics and overall construction of the tune leave a lot to be desired. In addition the 'words of wisdom' added from Stanley Unwin belong more on Jackanory or Rosie and Jim than they do on a dance track. (4) MW

### Warm Jets

#### Never Never

Until recently, the only publicity associated with Warm Jets surrounded their lead singer and Zoe Ball. Judging by 'Never Never', those who argue, this is because the band themselves aren't worth talking about, may, I'm afraid, have a case in point.



Following their excellent single, 'Hurricane', we'd more of the same here. Unfortunately, it pales in comparison with its predecessor. Whilst 'Hurricane' made you sit up and listen, the band's 'Never Never' simply

prepares you for a chorus that goes nowhere in particular.

Warm Jets' music is simple guitar pop - and I don't think they'd claim it was anything else, which is fair enough. 'Hurricane' is a great pop song, and hopefully 'Never Never' is just a glitch

in their song writing. More of the former and less of the latter, please. (5) RF

### The Beta Band

#### The Palty Patty Sound

The general build up is slow and progressive, the background vocals support the general theme well and the guitar play is thoroughly excellent. The drum background sets the pace well, but the only failing of this single are the leading lyrics, which are generally inaudible and sound more like the ramblings of a prayer than a decent effort at a track success. (7) SA

### Nick Heyward

#### Stars in her Eyes

This is a nice little single. The format is relatively simple; decent backing, chorus and a meaningful set of lyrics well delivered mean that it is easy to identify to the single. This however is the single's only problem. After a few loops of the track, it becomes quite monotonous. (6) SC

### Snow Patrol

#### Little Hide

I know musical talent is supposed to come naturally, but that doesn't mean a band shouldn't put any effort into their songs! Snow Patrol's apathetic thrash rock song 'Little Hide' leaves you feeling let down and used. The robotic singing is the epitome of dreariness. Sloth is a sin, and Snow Patrol are sinners. If they are not interested in their own music, why should we be? The b-sides show a little more

promise. 'Sticky Teenage Twln' sounds like Weezer being sad, and the simplicity of the other two acoustic tracks makes them pleasantly soothing.

One excellent thing about the CD is that it includes the song's video as a PC file. Hopefully other bands will follow suit. (4) SS

### Pfilbryte

#### Merry Go Round

I don't know much about Pfilbryte, and after listening to 'Merry Go Round', I'm not sure I want to. If this single is typical of the songs produced by Pfilbryte, then this band seem destined to keep the bargain bins of record shops quite full. 'Merry Go Round' basically consists of a beat, the 'singer', more or less talking over it, and a bizarre, mystical-sounding backing-track. Perhaps what's more bizarre is how this song ever made it to CD format. (2) RF

### Save Ferris

#### The World is New

The cover of this single states that this band are a mixture of swing, ska, and pop. On playing 'The World is New', I thought this was a pretty good description. All the band seem to be accomplished musicians, and all the songs on the CD are easy to listen to. I just wonder whether music of this nature is really what people want to listen to right now. Maybe their saving grace is that they do sound like early No Doubt. (5) RF



"Single of the Week is unwell"



# Ice, Ice, Baby

# Girls On Film



**"T**he Ice Storm" is the new and highly acclaimed new motion picture from Ang Lee, the extraordinarily talented, insightful director of "Sense and Sensibility" and his Taiwanese trilogy ("Pushing Hands", "The Wedding Banquet", "Eat Drink Man Woman"). His

previous four films have all received the warmest of receptions from critics, and entirely deservedly so. He manages to bring an exhilaratingly fresh view on relationships and personal dramas that even the most cynical amongst us can appreciate, and this most recent effort is no exception.

Based on the novel by Rick Moody, the story tells of the awakening of sexual curiosity in four children, starkly contrasting with their parents' bed-hopping antics, set of course in the 70s, the most fashionable decade of the moment.

Christina Ricci (the wide-eyed kook with the very intense gaze of "The Addams Family" and "Caspar") is Wendy, the annoying, know-it-



all, politically aware, feminist 14 year old little sister, in the Lisa Simpson mould. Her 16 year old brother Paul (Tobey Maguire, an uglier but more intelligent-looking version of Edward Furlong) is at boarding school and despite vain attempts finds it impossible to progress further than friendship with any girl, and is obsessing over a girl called Libbets. Wendy has started to secretly date Mikey (Elijah Wood of the huge blue eyes from "The Man Without a Face"), the boy from next door, as well as making eyes at his little brother Sandy.

Meanwhile, Wendy's parents' marriage is disintegrating. Dad Ben (Kevin Kline) is having an affair, and mother Elena (Joan Allen) is shoplifting in an attempt to regain her carefree youth. The neighbour's marriage is similarly unstable, mum Janey (Sigourney Weaver) is bonking Ben, amongst others, while father Jim is noticeable only for his constant absence on business trips.

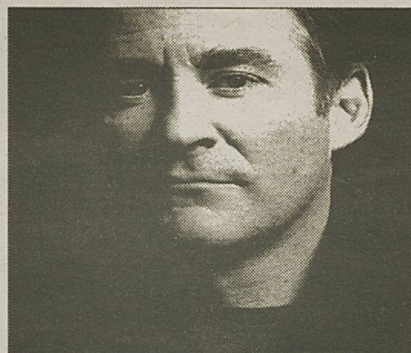
As a portrait of dysfunctional families as they reach breaking point, this film is acutely observed, made all the more real by painstaking attention to detail in recreating the period. Janey's apartment is full of 70s chic - a

water bed, inflatable arm chairs, an assortment of kitsch and minimalist ornaments. The displays of teenage paranoia in the face of political crisis and societal upheaval are wryly witty; Mikey gives a hysterical speech on molecules, Sandy is obsessed with blowing things up, Paul's room mate keeps shagging the girls that Paul fancies, and Wendy makes out with Mikey wearing a Nixon mask. "Your family is the void you emerge from and the place you return to when you die" says Paul philosophically as his train pulls into the station. The tension mounts as the inevitable ice storm outside precipitates the emotional storm behind closed doors, building to a painful finale.



The acting is superb - Weaver is suitably predatory, Kline is comfortingly clueless, Allen is repressed and alienated and the children are all excellent; although none of them are as young as the roles they play. The result could be a sick exploitation of juvenile sexuality, but is instead a very touching tribute to the family in a time of changing social and moral values; rather than crude paedophilic voyeurism the film serves as an innocent take more along the lines of "I'll show you mine if you show me yours".

An excellent and endearing film, definitely worth seeing. YC

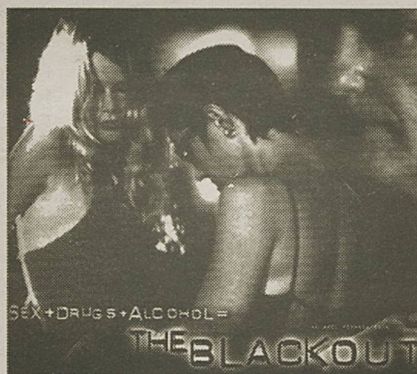


# The Blackout

**A**bel Ferrara has a lot of nerve in getting a star-studded cast together to perform in what is surely the most bizarre film of the year. Bizarre, by the way, does not mean original. We've seen it all before - sex, drugs, manically depressive behaviour. Oh, shock me. This film is made of the kind of crap adolescent luvvie lads fantasise about wanting to direct (along with their favourite pin-up - hence die



Schiffer) which fortunately for us all never gets realised, until now. Here's the plot. Matty (Matthew Modine) is a big shot movie star with a serious list of vices. He's got a French girlfriend, Annie (Beatrice Dalle), who he makes pregnant and then forces her to 'cut out the baby with a knife'. Nice. They go drinking at Mickey's (Dennis



Hopper) strip club and end up starring in a sex-crazed, voyeuristic handcam movie. It's improvised, like most of the film, full of writhing bodies, varying sexual appetites, and it is deeply seedy, a quality enhanced by the grainy projection. As Matty goes on a binge, throwing his head into oblivion, Mickey the video freak shoots his star from every possible angle for his reel. Annie #1, post-abortion, dumps Matty, who meets Annie #2 and in a mad passion he strangles her...on camera. Then after a stint with the Betty Ford people and a quickbonding with the teutonic supersphinx, Matty reckons he's on a roll. Beware hubris Matty. But he just doesn't have what it takes,

and after a series of nightmares he drools back into the shit he's destined to remain. Claudia feels betrayed and I felt used.

This film is pants and should never have been made. Sometimes the big studios should use their monopolistic powers to gobble up tosspots like Abel Ferrara before they manage to turn the world upside down. But things aren't all bad. In a recent interview (exclusive to The Beaver - not ) Matthew Modine gave us a glimmer of hope for the future, saying, 'By examining violence and cruelty in an honest way, rather than the Hollywood version, then we can start the process of not doing it anymore.' Matty - that's a deal.

Matt Berry



Matt Brough and Chris Rowe investigate the link between modelling and movies

**S**o what is it about the clarion call of celluloid (as opposed to cellulite) that is hauling models off the catwalks and onto the silver screen? Believe it or not, Andie MacDowell was a successful model (what with those gums?) before plying her wares on film, Cindy Crawford was raunchy and hilly in "Fair Game", Cameron Diaz was in absolutely everything last year, Alison Elliot of "Wings of a Dove" modelled, and now Claudia



Shiftier traded the runway (perhaps unwisely) for a bit part in "The Blackout". Could it be the desperate attempt of these women to gain some respect and recognition as

something other than vacuous ornaments? It used to be the fashionable for movie stars to date supermodels - and then there was David Copperfield, the exception that proved the rule. Perhaps it is only a natural progression from modeling to acting, as the big names all do the rounds of the A-list parties, and are bound to be made offers. But are they any good?

Vapid talentless overated faces with little or no talent appeal to worshipping coke head MTV daahlings and arouse the loins of six-pack swilling polystyrene munching Sun readers. Supermodels may be very good at smoking, looking ill and anorexia but they can't act to save their heroin stained overpaid bony arses. All Supermodels should have court

injunctions preventing them from coming anywhere near a film set as soon as they waddle their bulimic, nasal membrane damaged selves onto the catwalk. They should stick to aerobics and giggling next to their equally talentless and overpaid chateau de Riche '45 swilling airhead

trainers. Anyone who was forced to watch Fair Game by their undersexed father and had to endure the sight of Cindy Crawford being acted off the stage by William Baldwin's wig would agree that LA drug dealers should cut their cocaine with a more weedkiller. Models are only any good at playing themselves and corpses (see Tatjana Patitz, "Rising Sun"); dead models are their forte. Just because Marky Mark has had enough of being fucked up the brown eyed cyclops by the perfume industry doesn't mean he can inflict his innermost angst on us poor sods. Take your silicon enhanced bodies and your dust lined sinuses and just fuck off you annoying, overpaid, third world destroying clothes mannequins!!!

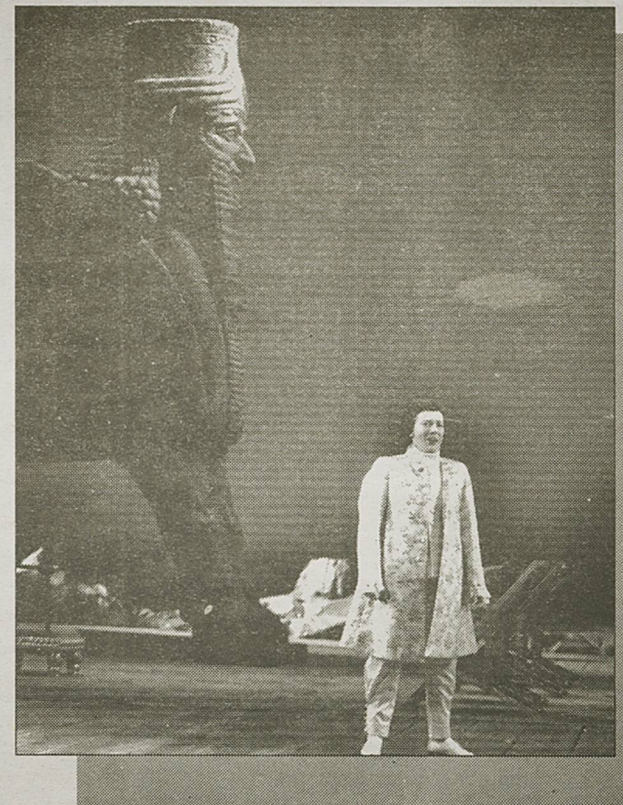


(Screams are heard as Yasmine tries to halt the tide of viscious invective that flows from the newshounds' frantic fingers...)





# Xerxes



The best seats in the house, a beautiful girl sitting beside me... what more could I ask of an evening at the opera? Call me greedy but I'd also say that a good performance rates highly too.

Here we go: The King loves the same woman as his brother instead of his betrothed, the woman refuses to love the King but is subjected to the cunning tricks of her sister who wants the King's brother for himself. Confused? Well don't worry, they all live happily ever after.

Act one was a real low point. The stage directions left a lot to be desired and we had

far too many solo arias where there was just one person left alone on the stage, wandering aimlessly about. However, after the break, fortified by my honey and ginger ice cream I was in a much more receptive mood.

The pace picked up, the singers seemed to become more animated and the whole thing took on a new, brighter tone. Sets were altered, some to great comic effect and others to thrilling heights - at one stage there was 'rain' coming down in great sheets and thunder howling (does thunder howl? not really but anyway there were lots of banging noises which were very exciting)

As I always seem to end up saying, opera is something that one either loves or hates (or says one likes to get ahead in certain circles!) I personally think that it is wonderful but that it sadly suffers from a bad reputation amongst the 'youth of today.' What can be done to dispel these images? My personal feeling is that people should try it - once at least. With the profusion of cheap seat offers that exist, cost should not be a problem. The music isn't bad. People may scorn classical music but this opera in particular benefits from a superb score. It lacked the passion which intoxicates me so in

for example Beethoven but nevertheless, it is vibrant, colourful and fun.

So what is my opinion of this piece? Well, if you want to see an opera for the first time I'd recommend 'The Barber of Seville' (on with the Royal Opera at Shaftesbury Avenue) but if you're an opera buff I'd say give it a go. The singing really is great and combined with the staging it makes what is essentially quite a dry piece fun.

On now at the ENO  
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## No wonder there's An Empty Plate

Will and Emilia say it's finger lickin' good

### Aperitif

A bouquet of marvelousness! Enjoy feasting on a plethora of glorious adjectives and experiencing culinary perfection

### Starter

An intimate, enchanting theatre with an atmospheric Parisian set... we wait with baited breath for Victor's arrival

### Sorbet

A refreshing course, delighting and intriguing with a subtle air of coolness. The characters are deep and well developed with what we consider the essential element of mystery which means their cards are never fully placed on the table

### Main Course

You are to be impressed by the manner in which the comedy, mystery and tragedy are combined in a way which does not detract from any single aspect. Moreover, the intertwining of the elements means that we are constantly vacillating between one mood and the next. Victor narrates and supports the story, enabling Claude to delight the audience with his impressive elocution, exquisite mannerisms and descriptive genius.

## MENU

### Cheese

Towards the climax of the production an inevitable 'bombe' shell is dropped yet in a very subtle way. A lesser play may have been destroyed by such a blunt surprise, but this masterpiece appears to absorb and feed upon this momentary weakness. The cheese course is indeed an appropriate title but does not represent the experience in its entirety.

### Dessert

Sweetness is abundant here. Characters soften and relationships blossom, enabling the audience to effortlessly maintain their elated pose whilst waiting for the climactic coffee

### Coffee

The play ends as it began, with Parisian chic and articulate class. Mystery is sustained, but hope and optimism bombard the viewers. The characters fulfil their roles in a professional manner which reflects the awesome and divine final fandango which somehow injects universal hope in humanity.

Will Dean and Emilia Linde

Now showing at the New End Theatre  
BOX OFFICE 0171 794 0022

## Sabina

Psychoanalysis - highway to the soul or a load of crap?

Whatever your view is on Woody's favourite hobby, in Sabina, a play by Snoo Wilson, you'll find that it is literally a bit of both. Set in Switzerland the plot revolves around the rivalry between Freud and Jung, as well as the relationship of the latter worth one of his patients. When Sabina is brought to him she suffers from hysteria, compulsive masturbation and excitement by chastising hands and excrement.

The stormy tale of Jung's liaison is told by a charmingly grotesque Philimon, the therapists spiritual guide, and along the way, Jung meets a modern day, Dell Boy like chastity belt salesman, Jung's 'Heidi-on acid' like wife as well as polygamous Freud.

While the text churns out regular gems, and

the actors are obviously relishing their roles, the real attraction of this play lies in its orchestration. Unsurprisingly, its designer, Fiona - Maria Chivers won the 1997 prize for stage design. Even the theatre itself is worth a visit as it is directly adjacent to a pub, and is probably twice the size of Wrights bare.. Despite these limitations the magic works and you'll be transported from one atmosphere to another, from a age into an other with a blink and in a flurry of lights and sounds. Sabina ultimately won me over with its spontaneity and grace. Thus, whilst its core is serious - ambition, passion, death - its permanent irreverence keeps you smiling. Although some may be uninterested by the theoretical debates or shocked by the numerous swear words, for me Sabina was relentlessly entertaining and refreshingly poetic.

Nina Fau

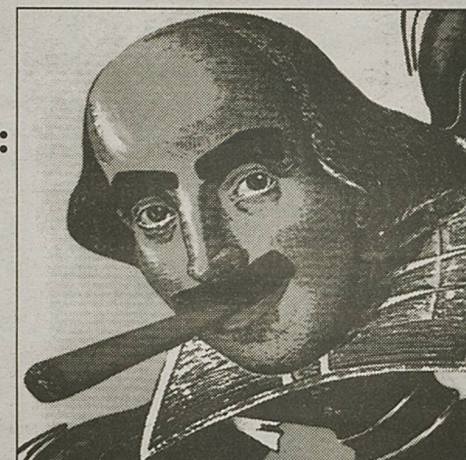
BUSH THEATRE 0181 743 3388



## Winners!

The first 5 entries to me:

- Hannah Tee
- Melanie Taussig
- Phillip Hampsheir
- Joe Medved
- Darren Bradley





**11 MARCH, 1998**

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@ The Waldorf**

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**SENIOR ECONOMIC ADVISER, SAUDI  
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A NEW PARADIGM**

**TUESDAY 3 MARCH @ 17:30  
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THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN BY  
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**MONDAY 23 FEBRUARY @ 12:00 IN THE OLD THEATRE  
THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN BY PROFESSOR ANTHONY  
GIDDENS**



# No to Genetic Cash in

# Sanctioning Sanctions



Michael Collins

The Government delighted environmental campaigners this week, by effectively halting the first scheduled crop of genetically modified rape seed oil in Britain.

This constitutes a massive victory for groups such as Friends of the Earth and English Nature who have

been campaigning against the £250 billion biotechnology industry.

The Beaver has discussed the dangers of genetic modification in detail, highlighting the potentially catastrophic effects that genetically modified crops could have on the food chain. Derek Langslow of English Nature warned ministers recently: "There is ample evidence that 'conventional' intensive agriculture has already caused widespread losses

of farmland, birds and insects and the introduction of genetically modified crops could increase these losses considerably."

The industry itself has argued that the benefits of genetic engineering in terms of food production will exceed any cost in terms of environmental damage. Given however that world food shortages are caused by distribution inefficiency, whilst 'food mountains' pile up in Europe as a consequence of the Common Agricultural Policy, their argument carries little weight.

The proposed crop of modified oil seed rape would have made the plant resistant to glufosinate ammonium, a commonly used herbicide. This in turn would mean a huge increase in the use of other herbicides which could kill all weeds but leave the crop unscathed. Whilst this would cause untold damage to the other organisms sharing the same delicately balanced eco-systems as the crop, it would also see the profits of the chemicals manufacturers Hoechst rise sharply.

The genetic food lobby had hoped for approval of the first

licenses this month, but will now have to wait up to three years before the Government will make a decision. This moratorium should provide time for more extensive research into the dangers of genetic modification and could see the British Government follow the Austrian and Swiss authorities by issuing an all out ban.

Adrian Bebb, Friends of the Earth's food and biotechnology campaigner, has been actively opposing genetically modified organisms (GMO's) since the issue first came to light in the early 1990's. He commented that he welcomed the Government's decision because of the "immense damage that genetically modified oil seed rape would do to the countryside and wildlife by encouraging the indiscriminate use of herbicides."

The Government's decision has been praised by environmental and consumer groups alike. Although many foods currently on sale in Britain, including tomato puree and ketchup, already contain genetically modified Soya, steps have been taken to ensure that any future products will be labelled to give shoppers the opportunity to choose between modified and natural products.

Daniel Korski

When the European Union petitioned the United Nations for economic sanctions against the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia in 1992, their purpose was to end the war in that region. The UN later imposed an arms embargo on Croatia and on Bosnia and Herzegovina for the same purpose.

To use Leyton-Brown's phrase, economic sanctions are "deliberate government actions to inflict economic deprivation on a target state or society, through the limitation or cessation of customary economic relations."

Initially economic sanctions were undertaken as an alternative to military action, as was the case when the League of Nations imposed economic sanctions on Italy in 1935. However, since World War II, economic sanctions have been used in order to encourage states to promote human rights, stop the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction, restore democracy and combat the ever-growing problem of terrorism.

According to some theorists of international relations, economic sanctions have indeed become the preferred weapon of choice in the 20 century, especially in the post-Cold War period. Since World War I, there have been 120 recorded episodes of economic sanctions, 104 of which were executed since World War II.

But in spite of their frequent use, economic sanctions have been marked by a tangible shift in fortune. "Although [economic] sanctions were successful . . . in 34 percent of 115 cases, success has become increasingly elusive in recent years."

The success rate among [forty-six] cases begun after 1973 was a little less than 26 percent. Even more striking is the decline in the effectiveness of [economic] sanctions imposed in pursuit of modest goals, mostly sought by the United States, which plummeted from 75 percent to 21 percent.

Given the mixed history of economic sanctions, why are they such a popular instrument of statecraft?

Perhaps the current events in the middle east exemplify the extent to which a nation will go to preserve its sovereignty, and its right to political relativism in the face of international opposition.

## Is Welfare to Work?

Fleur Donnelly -Jackson

Even if one accepts that the welfare state as it exists now is not delivering, cuts to lone-parent benefits, to disabled living allowances and to pensions, seem to be hitting the most vulnerable in society. It is odd that these should be the ones hit first, when the aim of a Welfare state should be precisely to protect and aid these people.

The Government's schemes for Welfare to work, a minimum wage, a 10p starting rate for tax, may yet come to fruition but the Government has got to spell out clearly its proposals to tackle the difficulties inherent in its plans.

How are they going to get employers to take on more staff? How are voluntary agencies to be expected to pay a living wage to recruits? What is to stop employers from laying-off older staff in favour of subsidised employees? How will they ensure the quality of the work offered?

Simply prescribing work from above is not going to solve the

problems we face. Gordon Brown's 'Budget for Women and children' fails to grasp the nettle of reality. For those women with no qualifications, work is likely to be low-paid.

For those with children, child care costs can be prohibitive, let alone the fact that taking work can reduce income rather than increase it. It would be so much simpler if we were to adopt the Scandinavian model of welfare and allow parents (whether single or not) 4-6 years paid leave to bring up their children.

Tax credits for working families that transfer the control of money to men and not mothers, are not going to tackle family and child poverty. It may increase the numbers of single parents, rather than reverse the trend.

Do we really want to become a nation of, Monday to Friday, nine to five workers, depositing the kids in nursery or at school, only to see them at weekends? What these reforms seem to miss out, is any recognition that the quality of life is just as important as who foots the bill for it at the end of the month.

## Iraq Update

Michael Collins

In spite of almost unanimous international opposition and new solidarity between Iran and Iraq, the US and their British allies continue to threaten air strikes.

At this stage one might quote a famous philosopher and assert that their actions are both absurd in logic and pernicious in morals.

The Russian diplomats in Baghdad had successfully negotiated a deal on the issue of weapons inspections in mid-week, when the Iraqi Government had agreed to allow UN inspectors into eight previously 'out of bounds' presidential palaces.

This deal was however rejected by the Americans who only seem to be willing to accept unlimited access.

The United Nations secretary-general Kofi Annan appealed for "courage" and "wisdom" over the Iraq issue in mid-week as he has increasingly become the focus of the diplomatic efforts to avoid war.

He urged all sides to relinquish their "purist and fundamentalist positions ..... otherwise a solution will

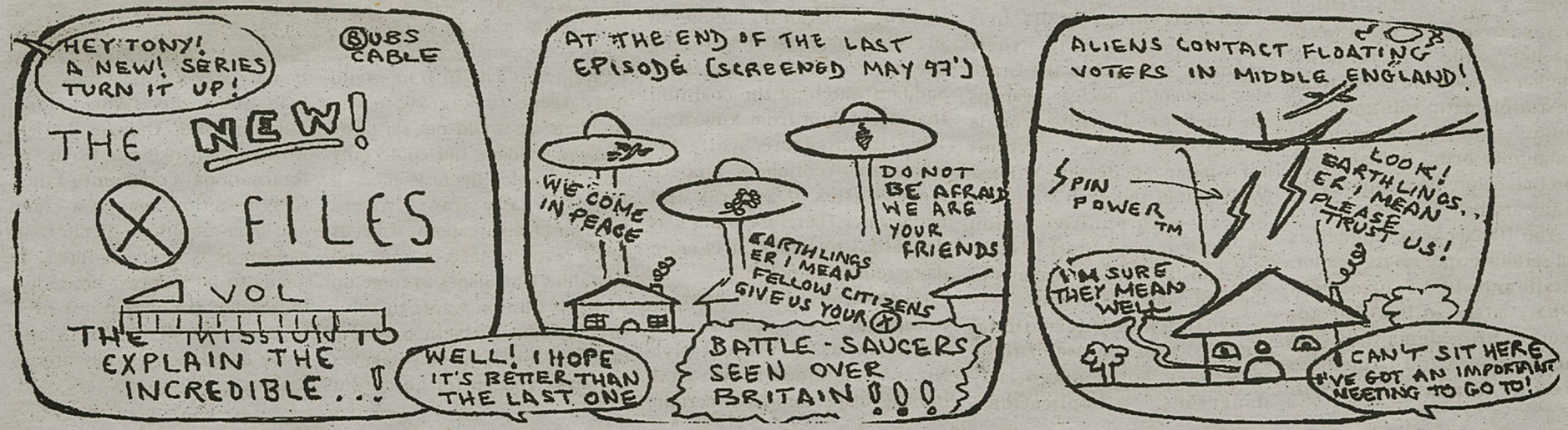
not be found."

Incredibly, an ICM poll for the Guardian showed that a considerable majority of the British public supported air strikes on Iraq, particularly the 18-25 age group.

With the news on Thursday that Iran has placed its unequivocal backing behind Iraq, the international situation is becoming increasingly dire. A meeting of the five permanent members of the UN security council late last week also failed to reach any compromises.

The US and Britain stand alone and are rapidly losing any credibility that they might have had before. The logic of air strikes is entirely missing and the possibility of serious conflict is growing ever nearer.

Many will feel a sense of disbelief at the actions of the British and American Governments. They are employing double standards in their treatment of Iraq, when other states such as Israel have a nuclear capacity and a far from satisfactory human rights record. Clearly the US have other issues such as the global oil economy on their mind.





# Un-Iraq crisis: danger of another Munich?

Hiroko Tabuchi looks at the growing imperative of containing Saddam Hussein and his arsenal - by force if necessary.

**A**dolf Hitler owed much of his success to Western appeasement. Even after Germany's blatant violation of terms set forth in the post-WWI Versailles Treaty, Britain and France opted for diplomatic negotiations with the dictator. The result, World War II.

Similarly, Saddam Hussein has continuously failed to comply with the United Nations Security Council's resolution that ended the 1991 Gulf War. In that resolution Iraq is obliged to co-operate with the UN in dismantling and destroying all



suspected sites. On the other hand, France, Russia, and China argue that "carrots, not sticks," would encourage Mr. Hussein to co-operate.

The three pacifists certainly do have a point. The US has made clear that their mission, if there were one, would not completely eliminate Saddam's weapons nor remove him from office. In other words, when the bombing is over, Saddam will still be in power, will still have weapons of mass-destruction, and probably will not have accepted any UN demands. His position may even be strengthened, some Middle Eastern nations argue, through heightened anti-American feelings amongst the Iraqi public.

It is ironic that the US has failed to gain support from the Arab countries, considering that its intentions are to protect those countries from the threats of Saddam's deadly weapons. This disapproval stems from the virtual collapse of the Middle East peace process during the last six months. This results at least partly from a widespread Arab perception of US bias towards Israel. Why - their argument goes - does the Israeli development of nuclear weapons go unchecked, while Iraq is placed under severe sanctions for similar - or lesser - actions? Why should the Arab states co-operate with punitive action against Iraq when Israel has also failed to fulfil its agreements in the regional peace process?

This lack of international consensus on the use of force may have some potentially dangerous implications.

Baghdad and its traditional enemies such as Syria and Iran have recently begun sorting out their differences. Last week Russia also strongly rebuked America's plans for military action and warned that bilateral agreements between the two countries would suffer if the United States attacked Iraq. Although Moscow would most definitely not defend Iraq against the US, Syria and Iran are no admirers of America. Iran itself currently suffers under harsh U.S. sanctions. And Israel, a virtually confirmed nuclear power, has asserted its rights to retaliate in the event of an Iraqi attack. Washington could be looking at an increasingly explosive situation.

In light of such considerations, the bombing of Iraq seems to be a dangerous policy to follow. But should Saddam remain unchecked, he would not only continue to produce weapons of mass destruction, but any future UN demands or threats would lose credibility. To allow Saddam to get his way would be to admit that the West can do nothing to prevent him from threatening the region. This would leave Saddam watching the coalition that drove him from Kuwait in 1991 disintegrate, while his laboratories continue to produce more bottles of anthrax and nerve gas. Therefore while it is dangerous to attack, it is more dangerous to do nothing.

Is there any chance, however remote, of Iraqi submission to UN demands? Representative Nizar Hamadoun says that barring inspectors from certain

sites is a matter of national pride, not deceit. Iraq has agreed to a compromise suggested by Russia that would open up limited sights for inspection. The UN, however, will only settle for unlimited access. "What if they want to go into his (President Saddam's) bedroom, his bathroom," Hamadoun argues. "That's not acceptable." The US's frequent assertions that sanctions would remain until Saddam's regime falls have not helped the situation, as this leaves Saddam with no incentive to co-operate. Hamadoun has further spoken out against the seven-year old UN sanctions, a policy which has had severe repercussions for the Iraqi population and is consequently the object of much criticism around the world. "I personally don't think the bombing would result in even one percent of human casualties that the sanctions have caused. The sanctions are the silent bombardment of Iraq but no one sees them on the television screens." As long as the UN and US stand firm on their demands, Iraq will continue to resist them.

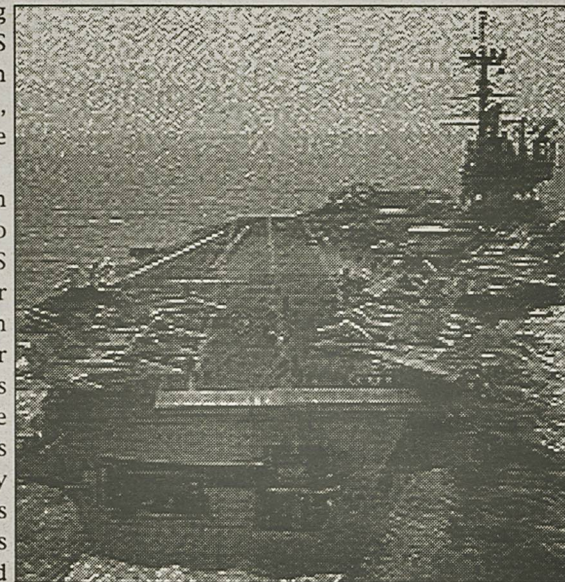
This then leaves only two options. The US needs to either compromise with Saddam or destroy his regime completely. Its present strategy involving a series of air attacks against suspected weapon arsenals in Iraq would only serve to aggravate the problem. It would not seriously damage Saddam, but could only work to harden his resistance. If the US really wants to rid Saddam of his weapons, it needs to be ready to take on Iraq and any allies it manages to come up with. If Clinton wants to solve the Saddam Hussein problem once and for all, he must take on the risks and go for an all-out

offensive, from the land as well as from the air. He needs to be prepared to take responsibility for casualties on both sides. So the real question should be, is all

If Clinton wants to solve the Saddam Hussein problem once and for all, he must take on the risks and go for an all-out offensive, from the land as well as from the air. He needs to be prepared to take responsibility for casualties on both sides.

this worth risking so many lives for? Or should the world hope that Saddam will behave himself in the future?

Yeltsin warns that hasty



The critical question over the past few weeks has been, and still remains, whether or not there is still room for a diplomatic solution. Or, should the international community bring Saddam back into line before he completes his deadly arsenal?

its weapons of mass-destruction, which many suspect include chemical, biological, and even nuclear weapons. But time and time again, UN inspection teams have been barred from "Presidential" or "sensitive" locations in Iraq. The critical question over the past few weeks has been, and still remains, whether or not there is still room for a diplomatic solution. Or, should the international community bring Saddam back into line before he completes his deadly arsenal?

The UN Security Council is still seriously split on the matter. Britain and the US advocate a military attack on Iraq unless it meets UN demands for unconditional and immediate access for its arms inspectors to

military action against Iraq could lead to another "world war." Thinking back, though, the last world war broke out when the international community failed to take action against a crazy and over-ambitious dictator. If Saddam is as insane as Hitler, he needs to be stopped now. But those who take on that task need to be aware of the risks and grave consequences they are up against.



# London Fashion week

What the fuck is it all about? Writes S.T.

London Fashion Week is here again (21st - 26th February) but what does it mean to the general public? Nothing. A waste of time then? Perhaps. A good laugh if you can get in to the shows? You bet! But enough of this self-gratification, let us get down to business. **PRE-SHOW POMPOUSNESS**

Fashion shows have one common theme: they bring together far too many people into one place and then attempt to squeeze them through too narrow entrances to ensure that security controls who gets in, and who doesn't. The organisers of such events simply adore security - not because they check for bombs or other hazards but because they ram home the message that fashion-followers (no matter how significant) are merely servile creatures, cannon fodder of the industry as far as the designer is concerned.

Imagine this scene now. A human club sandwich of 1000 people huddled in a space that can comfortably accommodate 300. They are kept like this for up to 30 minutes. That is the common scene outside one of the tents on the lawns of the Natural History Museum, sometimes with rain bucketing down on the expensive designerwear of the eager crowd. Whilst they stand like human sardines, they are contemptuously eyed-upon by the PR people and house managers, who sit on the other side of the fence in their warm, dry and spacious area behind rows of security guards. Even the most exceptional ticket-holders are crushed by latecomers at the back of the crowd. In this respect, fashion is egalitarian. There is no pecking order in this crush, and no special privileges. The rules are simple: all including the grandest must pass through this baptism of fire to be cleansed and purified before being worthy to witness the works of the maestro.

Even a ticket is no guarantee of entry. Many editors have been forced into fist-fights with guards who cannot - or will not - recognise the importance of their entourage. In the pushing and shoving an awkward guard is sufficient to raise tempers to Fahrenheit 451, but the real power to humiliate comes from the designer's PR women who, as queens for the day, take full advantage and bask in the temporary reversal of roles that gives them the whip-in-hand.

The hierarchical character does not end on the outside of the barrier. Once you're finally in the venue, it's your seating position that shows you and everyone else where you rank in the fashion pecking order, i.e. whether you're *in* or *out*. Put simply, the closer you sit to the front, the more important you are. In fact, most journalists are more concerned about their placement than the clothes they have come to see.

First hand experience, having once had the indignity of being seated in the front row - with someone else's ticket- demonstrated

the ridiculousness of such journalists to me. After the show, before I even realised, I was being arse-licked so much (probably because they thought I was a foreign buyer) that there was no need to go to toilet to empty my bowels! Talk about verbal diarrhoea.

As a general rule of thumb, *US Vogue* and *Women's Wear Daily* are considered the most important publications in the world as far as fashion is concerned, and as such they are consistently given the most coveted front row spots - usually at the end of the runway where they can see and be seen. Second row is usually given to the fashion editors of major newspapers like *The Times* or *The Daily Telegraph*.

### IN THE DOOR

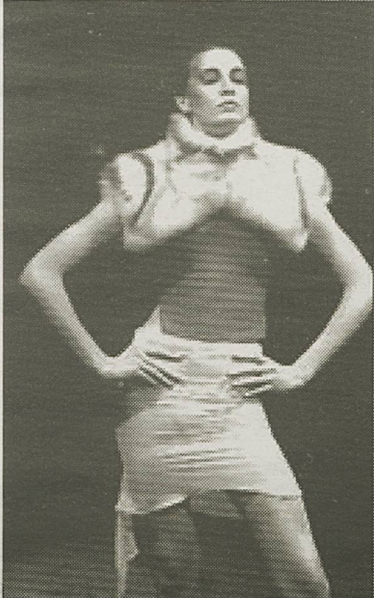
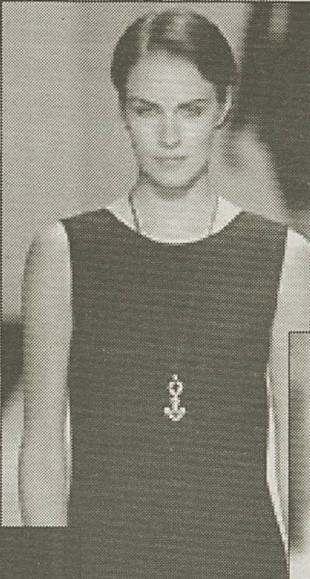
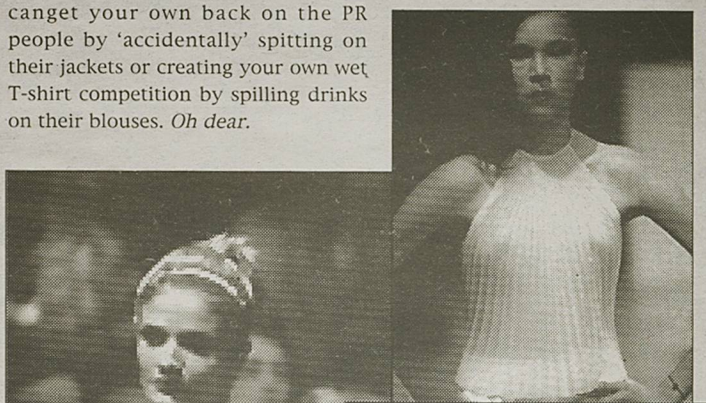
Once seated inside, the crowd waits patiently ... then impatiently as the tension flies on its upward spiral. After what seems like an eternity, the lights finally dim and there is a sudden flood of silence. **ACTION**, and the crowd is once again brought to life as they sit up to watch. Their knitted composites begin to unravel, as a rapid succession of genetic accidents, all called "Miss Torso" come streaming down the catwalk.

In this world, extravagance of reaction, behaviour and language is the name of the game. Chief of hysteria hype is the American journalist 'Polly'. She leaps up to feel materials as models stride past standing up to clap at outfits that excite her. Such ludicrous behaviour in the world of fashion is considered 'character'. An American fashion illustrator 'Jay' lets his opinions be known clearly, often with non-regulation language when he finds collections disappointing. Italian journalists frequently

canget your own back on the PR people by 'accidentally' spitting on their jackets or creating your own wet T-shirt competition by spilling drinks on their blouses. *Oh dear*.

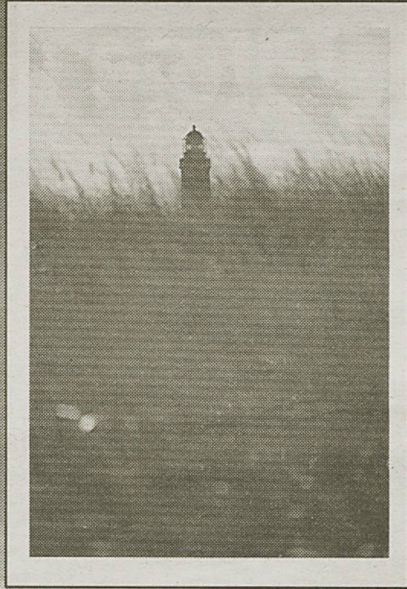
### BOOZE AND FREEBIES

So why would one submit him/herself to this spectacle of showiness? **BOOZE AND FREEBIES**. These are the real attractions at fashion shows. Most shows place gifts from a cheap tee-shirt, to make-up on each seat. If you are a goody goobler then by the end of the shows, you have enough MAC and CKOne to start your own Space NK. And along with these fantastic freebies come the unlimited supply of alcoholic beverages. You don't just get free drinks after the shows, but upon arrival and during all intermissions. On a typical day, your glass is filled at such regular intervals that you start to see the whole proceedings of the show through golden spectacles. Your mind progressively becomes a hunk of shattered glass. In the evening, there are more parties to go to, where you



All photos from [www.pa.press.net](http://www.pa.press.net) & Frank Magazine, February 98 issue.





**LAND OF THE  
LIGHTHOUSE**  
by Ralph Achenbach





# Rugby boys kick some SO-ASS

Da Roach, down town reporter is sent ta report on a rugby match and asks "Where tha guns at?"

LSE rugby 1st XV 13 - 7 SOAS rugby 1st XV

## 'Da Roach'

On Wednesday the 28th of January in the One Nine Nine-izz-Eight, Da Roach was asked ta do some real crazy shit y'all. I didn't have any phat CDs ta review, so the rugby team asked me ta come report on one of their matches 'cos some lame ass brotha's been fakin' tha funk in their recent reports. I met the Purps (their gang colour's purple yo) in Houghton Street where the whole krew was gathering ready ta roll on down ta they hood ta smoke these muthas who wuz perpetrating on tha real. I came prepared 'cos I don heard that these showdowns can turn ugly real quick so I had me my .9, my .44, my Uzzi and some grenades I looted back in Watts - Da Roach don't play around wit' dis shit! I looked around fo' bulges under they jackets but no-one else seemed ta be packin' a piece - not even Buck Shot and I heard he's one crazy ass Frenchie. Then I saw the pile of big bags lying on the floor and realised that these fuckas come wit' tha heavy artillery - they must have had shot guns, sub machine guns and assault rifles in them bags.

At Berrylands (the Purps hood) the perpetrators from SOAS hadn't shown 5 minutes ta showdown and it was beginning ta look like they don turned chicken. Meanwhile the Purps went thru some stretching routines - these boys really take killing seriously! Finally SOAS showed up in a haze of smoke and I could hear some Bob Marley playing but I couldn't see no fuckin' stereo. They came out onto the pitch and I wuz like "Where tha guns?" No one seemed ta bring any onto the pitch although them African boys, Disco D and K Money looked like they were packin' .9s in they shorts. There I wuz strapped from head ta toe with 2 bullet proof vests lookin' ta see caps peeled when I suddenly came out of my elevated mind state and realised that all these fools were here ta play Rugby. Damn that wuz some good shit I smoked fo' breakfast, I'd better get me some mo'.

As the game started, the Purps bum-rushed the boys from SOAS, who were either still high-as-kites or just not very good at tha game (Choirboy later assured me that they wuzn't very good). Still the Purps couldn't get that touchdown yo, they game wuz slippin' - losing rucks ta the opposition, not thinkin' str8 and just plain playin' wack! The 1st half wuz scoreless and Big Bub (who seems ta be like tha Godfather of the krew) came on ta give some inspiration at half time. T-Luv told his boys ta wake-tha-fuck-up and K Money did some mad yellin' at tha forwards - I think that fool better check himself b4 I pop a cap in his ass. I felt like I had ta say something yo but I couldn't think o' nuttin' so I went up ta Baby Gangsta and slipped him my .44 and told him next time that chunky rib-eatin' fly half came at him, "Jus' plug him full of holes!"

The 2nd half saw the Purps wake up and do tha shit they wuz there ta do with tank-like driving play in the forwards and quick ball movement in the backs. G Rock put in some immense defensive hits on the pussies in the SOAS back-line but Mr Po-Po finally got into tha match, makin' some real bad calls. I pulled out one o' my grenades but Big Bub stopped me 'cos if I killed Po-Po then the match would have ta end. "I'm cool, I'll get his ass at the end of tha match" I said ta the big guy. After some great driving play, T Luv spun the ball right and Baby Gangsta shipped it on ta Disco D. After some ill shakes, D showed us all why they call his ass Disco as he popped a beautiful pass on ta K Money who touched it down in the corner: 5-zip ta the Purps. Buck Shot didn't have his shit together as he missed the target with the conversion.

From the restart, Po-Po fucked up again and gave a scrum against the Purps. Some poor tackling by the Purps and some pretty fine running from SOAS got them deep into the 22 and then Po-Po did it again. Some dope head from SOAS got tackled short of the line and proceeded ta crawl over it. Double movement, referee? "No, he wasn't

held" says fat boy. Say what? Po-Po be always tryin' ta persecute a brotha but the Purps would not bow b4 this injustice. Some great offense again saw the krew deep in the SOAS half and some beautiful handling by G Rock and Gravedigga put Chilly E in ta space fo' tha touchdown: 10-7 ta the Purps. A few minutes later, Buck Shot finally paid up in full as he fired a penalty thru tha posts ta take tha final score ta 13-7, a win for the Purple Krew. B4 tha match ended, Po-Po spotted D Red's Military issue bullet-proof vest and said "Only standard LAPD vests on my shift boy! Off wit' ya!" So with backs against the wall and a SOAS scrum 5 metres from the line, Red left the pitch and on came Chuck B having just played a whole game at prop fo' tha Orange Purps (a.k.a. the 2nd Team). But with the heavyweight front row of Andy "The Bull" Stoll, Baron Zee and Hogton the Hevster, dat scrum wuzn't goin' no place! Big J and The Prime Minister did not yield one itty bitty inch. Big-ups to the front 5!

I might not be reporting on no more matches 'cos there wuz a little accident after the match involving my Uzzi and Po-Po's head so I iz gonna have ta go into hiding fo' a lil' while.

## The Purps Roll Call

- |                           |                        |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Andy Stoll             | Bull                   |
| 2. Zar Wade - Gledhill    | Baron Zee              |
| 3. Andy Houghton          | Hevster                |
| 4. Winston Eavis          | Prime Minister         |
| 5. Jeremy Phillips        | Big J                  |
| 6. Tom Jeans              | Choirboy               |
| 7. Pierre Sarrau          | Buck Shot              |
| 8. Tom Dobbyn             | D Red                  |
| 9. Tim Bradshaw           | T Luv                  |
| 10. Owain Morgan          | Baby Gangsta           |
| 11. Ed Swenson            | Chilly E               |
| 12. Dave Ampaw            | Disco D                |
| 13. Gavin                 | G Rock                 |
| 14. Ik Iroche             | K Money                |
| 15. Dave Hurley           | Gravedigga             |
| 16. Martin                | Chuck B (B as in beer) |
| 17. Rob Sellers (Trainer) | Big Bub                |
| 18. Mike Doherty          | Big Daddy              |
| 19. Margo Doherty         | Ill Mama               |
| 20. Referee               | Po-Po                  |

# It's grim oop North!

Clegg's barmy-army finally bail out of BUSA

LSE 4th XI 2 - 3 Leeds Uni 4th XI

## Leigh Porter

Wednesday was a strange day in English football as first the influence of a dodgy keeper and an even dodgier referee combined to send LSE crashing out of the BUSA in their first defeat in the cup and the mighty England lost to a not so mighty Chile. With this defeat the hopes and dreams of millions were shattered and they were sent further into suicidal depression with the England defeat.

The day football experts are starting to call black wednesday started on a cold and dull morning in central London where the finest LSE team to walk the face of this planet assembled at HQ. The supporter Brian the groundsman also turned up. Those committed to the cause of taking LSE football to a higher plain came and Stuart (don't take the piss out of me because I'll cry) Martin and Chris (FA affiliated linesman) Irwin didn't. The four hour coach journey started well with Ben 'mingers' Newton throwing his coffee all over the coach but luckily the coach

cricket square and scuff the six yard box. The 40 minute warm up showed exactly who was fit and the twelve of us who weren't. Eventually Steve midfield general Seget's Grandparents turned up so the game could kick off. Immediately we were under constant pressure but to no avail as the normally dodgy keeper was having a good game in goal. After ten minutes without touching the ball LSE launched their first attack with Ralph 'never going to score' Banks pressuring the defender into a dodgy backpass which Will 'Versace' Paxton ran onto to lob the keeper with skill normally seen from Rabu. Three touches, one goal, no wonder no one wants to play us? Chants of traitor were aimed at Leeds resident Steve as he dominated midfield but eventually Leigh 'the cat' Porter showed that he's

never going to have a game were he doesn't make a stupid mistake and came for a ball that was easily covered by 'Tiny' Mark Tooney with their oaf of a forward rounding both of them to score. In the second half the pressure was relentless, eventually earning Leeds a

free kick which they tucked away. The pressure continued and eventually 'five bellies' McGuiness got bored and was substituted so that he could start his kebab crawl to London. Leeds scored again from a play straight off there training ground. LSE with there backs up against the wall showed what they were made off earning themselves a penalty which 'Canny' stepped up to take, to show he was a big game player and tucked away with ease. The ref blew for time and our glorious cup run was over. Dreams were shattered but Steve's grandparents summed up the game by saying 'you played better than you used to, but your keepers a bit dodgy.'

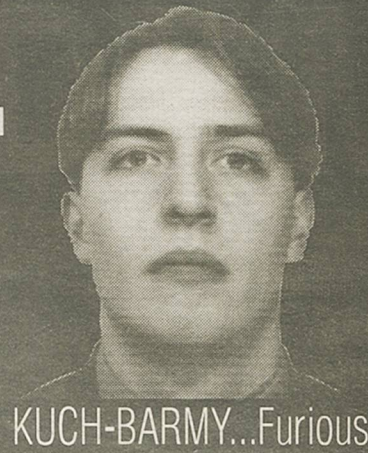
With the team suitably inspired we undertook our first warm up of the season. Brian gave specific instructions to kick the ball off their





BeaverSport IS No1 FOR LATE NIGHT BOOZE SCANDALS

# AU TREASURER IN BOOZE COACH BUST-UP



## Booze-fuelled high jinx turns Paris trip sour

EXCLUSIVE

By JAMES MULLIGAN

Athletic Union Treasurer Chris Kuchanny was at the centre of an amazing bust-up last weekend as the LSE sports trip to Paris turned sour.

As the boozy coach-load arrived at Dover in the early hours of Friday morning, a drunken Kuchanny was thrown off the coach, along with Dave Hurley, Gavin 'Filth' Freeman and Ben 'Mingers' Newton. The trouble erupted when second team rugby star Dave Hurley VOMITED just minutes after the coach left Houghton Street. Leaving aside cheap jibes about shandy drinking rugby boy's who can't handle their ale, it appears this is what triggered the amazing sequence of events that followed.

Disagreements with the drivers already raged over whether booze

was allowed onto the coach, this being exacerbated by the inebriated state of most of the party. The increasingly agitated drivers finally flipped before reaching Dover and phoned ahead to ensure a police presence when the group arrived.

Eye-witness Chris Camp described the scene at Dover. He said: "I was absolutely f\*\*\*ing steaming, as was every other Geezer. I reckon the driver was bang out of order."

Understandably, Kuchanny had a lot to say on the whole affair. He said: "If I ever set my eye's on that c\*\*t of a driver again, I'll punch his f\*\*\*ing lights out." The ever eloquent Kuchanny added: "I couldn't believe it when the police arrived. They threatened to put me in the cells for the night. I said 'go ahead', as I obviously wasn't going to f\*\*\*ing Paris."

The drama didn't end there though. With Hurley and Kuchanny handed over to the authorities it was now 'Filth' Freeman's turn to incur the

wrath of the 'possessed' driver. Taunting him with cries of, "You've got a good job," the mouthy Freeman was soon turfed off the coach. He was rapidly followed by Ben Newton, who by his own admission had been "chucking lager's down my neck all night. I'd had enough to stun a rhinoceros."

With the depleted party now on the Calais-bound ferry, the four left behind decided, with booze-fuelled fore-sight, to push on through to Paris regardless. Hurley regained some of his pride by actually making it to Paris, via Boulogne where he was arrested. However, Kuchanny, Freeman and Newton caught a later ferry but, as they sobered up decided to turn back, with only their Olympic-sized hangover's for company.

The nightmare had only just started for Freeman though. A dawn-swoop at Dover customs caught the filthy blighter bang to rights with a cachet of perverted porn videos. This prompted the customs officers to

conduct an intimate body search. This proved fruitless however, as nothing could be seen for the cobwebs surrounding his genitalia, due to his now record breaking bout of sexual inactivity.

It was not all doom and gloom though, as the rest of the trip passed without incident. The footballers themselves arrived in Paris early Friday morning and walked straight in to the match they had arranged with the local university. Even with their booze-saturated liver's and king-sized headaches, they managed to pull off a 2-0 victory. Mandie Mandrekar explained the result thus: "We didn't create that many chances, but then again the Frog's Spawned hardly any either."

The surprise man-of-the-match proved to be Richard Tibble, first team keeper turned lithe left-winger. The only explanation for his 'stella' performance being that he's always so full of alcohol, that this Paris trip was a relative picnic compared to his

## Captain Jez Congrats Cunning Linguists

LSE rugby 2nd XV 17 - 7 St  
Georges rugby 2nd XV

### Captain Jez

All good things cometh to those that wait and when it came it sure felt good. the sweet smell of success is not as fishy as the minging stench of defeat to which we had become accustomed. The essence of this win lies in the efforts of those with the golden rings, to whom I declare my undying love (in a purely platonic, non-homosexual way though those of other persuasion may find us strapping rugby lads extremely desirable).

from the off-set, our forwards hit them with wave after wave of full frontal assault. Big Daddy Mike, Ugly Druggie Dougie and Honking Martin relished each and every scrummage, even winning some against the head. Russell 'Go Forrest' Byrnes and Peter 'no fear' Arnold were fortunate not to be facing Dougie's shit stained jock strap. Rupert 'I'm so fit' townsend and Hugh 'I'm so divine' Batty led the pack in getting around the park, whilst Winston 'I love six foot austrian shot putters' Eavis simply followed.

Behind the attack, Tony 'Attack of the killer tomatoes' Leung showed no evidence of being out of position at scrum half, whilst Andy Cho was the lynchpin in both attack and defence enabling our backs to give theirs a good hiding. The centres George 'Italian stallion' Bonello and Nick 'Encore une fois' Germain penetrated the oppositions weak points with perfect angles of running.

On the wings were Jim 'I lasted the whole match' Craig and Geoff 'Sorry I can't remember your surname' American proved solid. As well as this, the most crucial position, other than the missionary was filled by your correspondent at full back. Failing to score myself, which isn't a problem off the pitch (Alright Anna!), I did the captains duty and led the team to victory.

Alas, the match is now a blur due to the poison forced upon me in the Tuns, though I should note that the scorers were Tony, Rupert and Nick. The golden rings of the shirts are now representative of the best second team ever, though they also bear a great similarity to Doug's stinging ring after his Paris popper drinking shocker.

never have so many owed so much to so few. This victory is dedicated to all those wobbly trolleys out there.

normal weekends. Rumour has it that Tibble also impressed with his fluency in the native tongue, which comes as a surprise when one learns he's from England (although this is open to some debate. He's at least 90% Scotch).

With the game out the way, all that was left to do was for the LSE boy's to go crazy in Paris. However, with £4 a pint bar prices it wasn't too long before they were reduced to trawling the numerous sex-shops and peep-shows, desperately searching for some sort of 'action'.